

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,143, Vol. 44.

September 22, 1877.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE WAR.

THE numbers of the Imperial Guard, and of other troops which are rapidly approaching the seat of war, are not accurately known. The estimate of 180,000 men is grossly exaggerated; but probably the reinforcements may be sufficient in the first instance to replace the losses of the campaign. The regiments of the Guard are no doubt in the highest state of efficiency; and, as soon as the transport can be effected, they will be provided with the proper complement of fresh artillery. It is possible that, as the resources of the Turks must have been in great measure exhausted by their recent efforts, the invader may yet, within the few weeks of fine weather which remain, retrieve his previous failures. It may be not wholly impracticable to invade Roumelia through Servia, and to occupy Adrianople before the close of the campaign. Ten days ago, English Correspondents in the Russian camp, while they announced that Plevna was about to become a second Sedan, thought that, after the capture of OSMAN PASHA'S position and army, a decisive advance would be comparatively easy. The Russian generals and those who sympathize with their cause would have better ground for sanguine expectations if their previous defeats could have been attributed to the defective quality of their troops. The Guard may be superior in discipline to the troops of the line; but, except perhaps in the case of regimental officers, it will not be better commanded. The Grand Duke MICHAEL, who has displayed no military ability, seems to have preferred the advice of his second Staff Officer to that of the veteran whom the EMPEROR had ostensibly entrusted with the direction of the campaign. It may not be true that General LEVITZKY was influenced by jealousy when he withheld reinforcements from General SKOBELEFF, who alone among Russian generals has distinguished himself in the present war. It is only certain that the repeated attacks on Plevna were a series of mistakes, committed by the GRAND DUKE and his principal officers. Believers in Nemesis might say that disaster was invited by the presumptuous bad taste of promising Plevna as a birthday gift to the EMPEROR, who presided over the bloody pageant in a grand stand erected for the occasion. The comparatively unambitious mode of attack by regular approaches may perhaps succeed; but the time which has been lost is more precious to the Russians than to the Turks.

The uniform tenor of the late accounts from the seat of war is even more surprising than any separate exploit of the Turkish armies. In Europe and in Asia, in attack or defence, the Russians have suffered a long series of defeats. It is not yet certain whether Ardahan, which was taken or bought at the outset of the campaign, has been recovered; but there is no doubt that, in the course of a general retreat within their own frontier, the Russian commanders must evacuate the fort. MEHEMET ALI advances with unaccountable slowness, but in the course of a fortnight he has apparently never failed to succeed in the numerous skirmishes which have occurred. Even SULEIMAN, whose perverse delay in the Shipka Pass must almost certainly be caused by criminal jealousy, professes to have obtained some unprofitable advantages against his immediate opponents. His report of the capture of the principal Russian fort may have been literally true when it was despatched; but the result must have caused severe

disappointment at Constantinople. The strategy of the Turks outside Plevna might be thought as bad as that of the Russians if their generals had not contrived in almost every combat to be superior in numbers. The absence of any vigorous attempt to relieve Plevna implies either gross incapacity or an unsuspected deficiency of force. If it is true that MEHEMET ALI disposes of 100,000 men, he ought many days ago to have attacked the CZAREWITCH at Biela with overwhelming numbers. The operation would have been comparatively safe, because, in case of failure, the Turkish general would have had a line of retreat open to Rustchuk. Thus far the only great military ability displayed on either side has been shown by OSMAN PASHA. His presence and the existence of his army were first made known to the Russians two months ago, when he suddenly occupied Plevna, where the Russian staff had neglected to anticipate him. He immediately began to convert his position into an intrenched camp, which has since almost assumed the dimensions of a fortress. On the 24th of July he repelled a feeble attack, inflicting considerable loss on the enemy. A week later he gave the Russians a heavy defeat, which at once changed their whole plan of campaign. OSMAN PASHA seems not to have been intimidated by the histrionic exhibition which accompanied the desperate assault delivered on the EMPEROR'S festival-day. He has the merit of appreciating the almost unequalled valour of his soldiers; and up to the present time his demands on their endurance have not proved excessive.

One of the numerous proofs that the calculations of the Russian Staff have been utterly disappointed is supplied by the considerable part which the Roumanian troops have taken in the attack on Plevna. At the beginning of the campaign the offers of Prince CHARLES were slighted. He has now such satisfaction as he may derive from the knowledge that his alliance has been found indispensable, and that some thousands of his soldiers have been killed or wounded in a quarrel with which he had no concern. The Servians have perhaps still time to profit by the experience of their neighbours. It is significantly stated that within a few days, and probably after the unsuccessful attack on Plevna, the Servian agent at Constantinople has been directed not to break off relations with the Porte. If fortune should declare itself definitely on the side of the Turks, it is not certain that the tardy hesitation of Servia would secure impunity for hostile designs. If punishment could fall exclusively on the PRINCE and his Ministers, no misfortune would be greater than they deserve for their perfidious disregard of the treaty which was granted to their solicitations at the instance of the Great Powers. The peasantry, who would be the real sufferers by a Turkish invasion, may afterwards exact vengeance from their worthless rulers. It would not be surprising if one of the results of the present complications were a revival of the pretensions of the rival dynasty of KARA GEORGE. Greece also will hesitate as long as it is possible that a defeat of the Russians might leave the Turks at liberty during the winter to deal separately with their minor assailants. It may be doubted whether Lord DERBY has acted judiciously in demanding from Greece a promise of neutrality which the Government was perhaps justified in withholding. Intervention of this kind is likely to be ineffectual when it is not to be supported either by promises or by threats. The English Government will not interpose forcibly between Greece and Turkey; and, on the other

hand, it would be impossible to offer as a reward of neutrality territorial concessions to which the Porte will not voluntarily consent.

There is probably some foundation for the confident statement that Prince BISMARCK has proposed to Count ANDRASSY some kind of mediation. The visit of Count MUNSTER to Salzburg, immediately after a visit to Lord DERBY, confirms the belief that some negotiation is in progress. Count ANDRASSY will scarcely adopt any German proposals which may be made in the interest of Russia; and statesmen ought by this time to have learned the inutility of disposing of the Turks without first consulting them. Although any intervention on the part of Germany may have been invited by Russia, the Emperor ALEXANDER would assuredly not make peace except on terms which the success of his arms has not hitherto entitled him to demand. The German Government has taken informal opportunities of contradicting reports that it had urged Roumania and Servia to take the field; and, perhaps in anticipation of Prince BISMARCK's interview with Count ANDRASSY, it is once more semi-officially stated that the alliance of the three EMPERORS is not of an offensive character. The Turks have with criminal folly drawn upon themselves a just and indignant remonstrance from the German and French Governments. The culprits who were last year sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for their complicity in the murder of the Consuls at Salonica have been seen in that town in full liberty. The Turkish Ministers reply by the lame excuse that it had become necessary to remove the prisoners from Widdin, and that the Governor of Salonica had no knowledge of the circumstances. It might be proper to remove prisoners from a fortress threatened with a siege; but there can be no excuse for restoring them to their home, which was also the scene of their crime. The German Government is fully entitled to demand satisfaction for a wanton outrage. It is also rumoured that the notorious CHEFKET PASHA has been appointed to a command in Europe. If the statement is true, it is difficult to understand why the Turkish Ministers should offer a deliberate affront to the neutral Powers, and especially to England. But for the cruelties which are still practised in Bulgaria, and for the impunity enjoyed by the perpetrators, the sympathy for a gallant defence which Mr. GLADSTONE attributes to the majority of the inhabitants of London and of the clergy of the Church of England, would be intelligible, even if it is erroneous. The deep grief which Mr. GLADSTONE feels at the dissent of the clergy from his opinions may not improbably express itself in proposals for disestablishment of the Church; but he can only punish the inhabitants of London by threatening them with a Metropolitan Corporation. The Hungarians, who think less of oppressed Christians in Turkey and more of themselves, show, by the questions addressed to the Ministry, their unabated good will to the Turkish cause. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, in spite of his sympathies with his friend, who is in some versions of the speech called his ally, will not venture on a direct conflict with Hungarian patriotism. In default of an armistice, the belligerents will fight their quarrel out, until the approach of winter compels the invader to decide between Roumania and Bulgaria in his choice of winter quarters.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S ADDRESS.

IT is not wonderful that the moderate Republicans should be more enraged at Marshal MACMAHON's address than the advanced Republicans. That they are so is plain from the article which is expected to bring a prosecution upon M. JOHN LEMOINNE. In comparison with the wrath of the Constitutional Academician, the articles in the Radical journals are mildness itself. There are two considerations which go to explain this difference. One is that the insult to Parliamentary government conveyed in the manifesto comes more home to the moderate Republicans than to men who are only newly converted to belief in Parliamentary government. The other is that the disasters which the Manifesto may conceivably bring upon the French nation will be more ruinous to the moderate Republicans than to the Radicals. M. LEMOINNE and his friends have been hoping that France had passed out of the revolutionary stage, that the old revolutionary methods which had been employed indifferently by BOURBONS, BONAPARTES, and Red Republicans, were finally laid aside, and that in future no

troubles that might be awaiting the country would affect the representative character of its institutions. The Government might be well or ill administered, but it would at all events be administered on Parliamentary lines. After the appearance of the MARSHAL's address, this hope is at an end. So long as he is President of the Republic, Frenchmen are no more living under Parliamentary Government than they were in the most absolute days of NAPOLEON III. Indeed, so far as appearances go, Marshal MACMAHON is more absolute than NAPOLEON III. ever was. In the prosperous days of the Empire, before the Mexican expedition had been thought of, and when M. EMILE OLLIVIER did not dream of coming greatness, the EMPEROR took very good care that the Corp Législatif should not be a source of inconvenience to the Executive; but he never went so far as to tell the electors that he intended to pay no attention to their wishes, unless they happened to square with his own. This is what Marshal MACMAHON has done. The President of a Republic has rushed in where an autocratic Emperor feared to tread. Hostile elections will be unfortunate, the MARSHAL says, for France, which will thereby become an object of distrust to Europe; but they will not make the slightest alteration in his plans. The greater the danger, the more imperative is his duty to see his subjects safe through it. If the new Chamber of Deputies contains a majority opposed to his policy, the MARSHAL's position will be that of a commander who sees one of the outworks of the fortress in the hands of the enemy, and is nerved by the spectacle to a more strenuous defence of the citadel. The foe may summon him to surrender, but he will turn a deaf ear to them. No matter what the complexion of the Chamber of Deputies may be, he will not abandon the post in which the Constitution has placed him. His function in the country is to defend Conservative interests, and he will continue to discharge that function with the support of the Senate and of his present Cabinet. It seems never to have suggested itself to the MARSHAL's mind that, though a country may undoubtedly be its own worst enemy, it is not consistent with Republican or constitutional government for a little knot of men to insist on protecting it against itself. His idea of France is that she is still an infant who, if she is consulted as to her future by her guardians, is consulted out of mere politeness. A well-behaved child will have no will on the subject but theirs, and then she is sure of happiness. A petulant child may oppose the suggestions of her guardians, and thus store up discomfort for herself; but she will not in the least influence their decisions as to what is best for her. The assumption of this tone by a respectable soldier who knows nothing of politics, but has unfortunately been entrusted with the supreme conduct of political affairs, is naturally most irritating to the party which is most strictly Parliamentary. It does not shock a Radical nearly so much as it shocks a moderate Republican. It is vexing of course to see power in the hands of his adversary instead of in his own hands; but there is nothing repugnant to his sense of propriety in the MARSHAL's theory of power. On the contrary, an extreme Republican President might use language almost identical with that of the Manifesto after an election which had shown that the country contained a monarchical majority. The only difference between the two cases would be that no one but Marshal MACMAHON would be so unwise as to use this language before an election.

The long conflict to which the MARSHAL's address—if it is not a mere blundering piece of electioneering—commits the French nation is far fuller of promise for the Radicals than for the moderate Republicans. The prospects of the Opposition will be mainly determined by the action of the Radicals. The Republican party—supposing it to represent a decided majority of the nation—cannot fail to get the better of the MARSHAL, provided that they play their cards prudently. The efforts of the Government will be chiefly directed to provoking them into throwing away their chances by indulgence in some violent demonstration. Consequently the most important man in the Republican party, the man who will really lead it, no matter who may be the nominal leader, will be the man who is best able to keep the Radicals quiet. His influence in the counsels of the party will be greatly increased by the MARSHAL's action. So long as the MARSHAL was on good terms with the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the chief places in the Republican party naturally fell to those who were most likely to maintain this good accord. But now that all thought

of so much as a *modus vivendi* between the MARSHAL and the majority must be given up, this distinction naturally passes to those who can prevent the more excitable section of the party from pushing matters to extremities. If to keep the Radicals quiet be the principal work of the Republican leader, it would plainly be useless, so long as the MARSHAL remains President, to look for him among politicians whom the Radicals neither love nor respect. It is only natural that M. GAMBETTA'S organ should say, "We, who like 'clearly defined positions, think this Manifesto of inestimable value,' and assign as a reason for thus thinking, that it 'discourages all who may still have cherished the hope 'of offering a compromise, of proposing a treaty of 'peace after battle.' The Radicals do not desire any arrangement by which the MARSHAL should yield something and the Opposition something, and the solution should again be found in a Left Centre Ministry; and they are not specially distressed at seeing such a way out of the difficulty made more and more impossible every fresh time that the MARSHAL opens his lips.

The weakest point in the MARSHAL'S scheme of resistance is the part assigned to the Senate. Soon after the 16th of May he stated that, if the Senate as well as the Chamber of Deputies were opposed to him, he should make no further opposition; and there may be something significant in this introduction of the Senate into the Manifesto. It is very doubtful, however, whether the MARSHAL will find the Senate the submissive and devoted body which he apparently expects to find it. It supported him on the question of a dissolution; but then it had two very fair grounds for doing so, neither of which will apply in the future. The majority in the Senate might feel a genuine doubt whether the MARSHAL would not carry the elections; and, in the event of his being beaten, it would always be open to them to say that they had wished to give the country an opportunity of giving an unmistakable judgment on the issue between the MARSHAL and the late Chamber. Neither of these pleas can be alleged in defence of siding with the MARSHAL against a newly elected Chamber. In default of them, it may appear to some wavering Senators that the best way to secure re-election will be to resist the MARSHAL'S resolution to defy the Chamber of Deputies, and thereby to prove that, in yielding to him last summer, they really intended to do the Opposition a good turn. What will Marshal MACMAHON do if he finds the Senate as well as the Chamber faithless?

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

ENGLISH benevolence, always capricious in its outpourings, has at length recognized the greatest disaster that has within living memory befallen the human race. A portion of the officious philanthropy that busies itself with picturesque suffering in every quarter of the globe has been directed to the famine-stricken communities of Southern India. The fact that a population of fully twenty millions of British subjects has for three years been deprived, owing to abnormal seasons, of its ordinary means of support, and is now in considerable risk of being starved to death, has slowly worked itself into the British understanding, and is beginning, it may be hoped, to be in some measure adequately realized by the more thoughtful sections of English society. Money is coming in from day to day, and a remittance, large enough not to be insultingly inadequate, has already been forwarded to the scene of the calamity. It is certain, however, that, if anything in the least worthy either of the giver or the occasion is to be achieved, a yet richer vein of national munificence must be struck; and it is to be hoped that the scanty dole hitherto dealt out by the English nation to its greatest dependency may be accounted for, in large measure, by the difficulty which is felt by Englishmen in grasping the true nature of the occasion, and by the doubt generally entertained whether the money subscribed can be put to any useful purpose. The hesitation which the Government of India displayed at the outset in sanctioning the appeal to private charity may not unnaturally have strengthened the misgivings which were already checking the flow of contributions, which led many people not to give at all, and many more to give less than they would, if they could be assured that their gift would be really of use in alleviating misery. It is of real importance, then, that Englishmen should understand what the real nature of the position is, and what are the purposes to

which money charitably subscribed in this country will be put. If they were thoroughly informed on these points, they would not, we believe, be slow in marking their sense of the gravity of the crisis by an exceptional munificence.

What, then, is the aim which the Madras Committee propose to themselves, and for which the charitable co-operation of England is invited? The case appears to stand thus. In the nine especially afflicted districts a population of fifteen millions may be regarded as famine-stricken. In Mysore another five millions are in an equally deplorable plight. Here at least half the entire population is dependent on imported food; prices are between three and four times the normal rates; the entire agricultural class is thrown out of work; huge masses of people, between four and five millions, are kept alive only by Government aid; and this aid is so imperfectly afforded that upwards of half a million have already perished, and observers on the spot have calculated, and, it is to be feared, not without good cause, that a sixth of the whole number is likely to be swept away before the pressure has ceased. Besides these acutely afflicted districts there is a population of above five millions which is "partially distressed," where crops have mostly failed, where unprecedentedly high prices reign, and where very general suffering and increased mortality call for stringent measures of relief. There is, accordingly, a population of some five-and-twenty millions with all the ordinary machinery of life thrown out of gear, with its accustomed food supply gone, with half at least of its numbers dependent on imported grain, with prices three or four times the usual rates, and with the public health radically impaired by want, disease, exposure, the breaking up of home life, the crowding upon public works, and all the other miseries incidental to State charity. It is only by strenuous exertions and by constant vigilance that, under such circumstances, some catastrophe on a monster scale can be averted. At least five thousand five hundred tons of food have to be carried every day into that distressed region, and this is a strain which the Madras railway system is barely adequate to meet. Yet any failure to meet it would precipitate a crisis and doom thousands to certain death. This terrible effort must go on till January at least, and till then the anxieties of the Government must be grave indeed. Any accident which checked the arrival of grain at the Madras ports, or its transmission up the country by the several lines of railway, would produce a state of things which the Government would be utterly unable to confront. All that it can do is to facilitate locomotion in every possible way, stimulate trade, both in its great centres and in each little rivulet by which supplies find their way into the country, and provide sustenance, under the hard and fast conditions essential to a gigantic system of State relief administered by a very poor Government, for such portions of the population as are absolutely unable to keep themselves alive. How far the Government has satisfactorily discharged this anxious and difficult task is a question which will have hereafter to be discussed. The fact that half a million of lives have already been sacrificed, and that far greater losses are apprehended, appears, till some explanation is afforded, to intimate that the success has been but partial; still this is what the Government of India and the SECRETARY have undertaken to do, and they must be left to acquit themselves of their responsibility without interference from any private source. Any attempt to supplement the actual work of Government would probably do more harm than good. The work of watching and regulating the foreign supplies of food and of feeding the destitute classes is one that the official rulers of the country can alone perform, and in the performance of that they ask for no assistance.

Mr. FAWCETT has been protesting at Salisbury against imposing a tax on this country to relieve the drain on the Indian Treasury, and has expressed a fear that, if this principle were once established, it would make the natives indifferent to stringent measures against recurring famines. It ought, however, to be clearly understood that it is not to put the Government of India in funds that subscriptions are wanted. The pressure of the expense, ten millions at the least, will no doubt be enormous, and may augment the public debt so seriously as to call for aid from the English Exchequer. But in the meanwhile the want of ready money is not one of the difficulties with which the Indian Government has to deal. If it refrains from spending, it is because, looking to its responsibilities as guardian of the national treasury, it feels

that the limits of lawful expenditure have been reached. The subscriptions raised in England will not, we may rest assured, be merged in the larger outlay to which the Government is already pledged and which it is ready to incur. On what grounds, then, is an appeal to private benevolence in this country considered desirable? It is desirable, we answer, first on sentimental grounds. We cannot afford to disappoint, to shock, to outrage those who have a good right to consider themselves entitled to our regard. As a nation we throw ourselves with ostentatious alacrity into any scene of exceptional distress, however remote that scene may be, and however little connexion we may have with the sufferers. We have constituted ourselves hospital attendants to every army that marches to the field. British ambulances wait on Turkish, Roumanian, Russian sufferers. British funds are forthcoming for the refugees from an occupied district, for the needy classes in a beleaguered city, for the victims of a great conflagration, for the struggling agricultural classes at the close of a campaign. This being our code of social ethics, there would be a horrible inconsistency in leaving a scene of widespread suffering, not less agonizing than the bloodiest battle-field—suffering, too, that falls on millions of our fellow-subjects—without a word or act of commiseration. For three years that afflicted community has been sinking from one depth of misery to another, and England has scarcely stirred from her opulence, her splendour, her luxury, to notice the disaster. A pompous ceremonial, conducted at the expense of the famine-stricken nation, had squandered a portion of its scanty funds in proclaiming to the world that the QUEEN of ENGLAND was Empress of Hindustan, and that the Hindus, no less than the English, were the subjects of her Rāj. Those for whose benefit the splendid pageant was primarily intended might well be astonished and horrified at the apathy with which an Imperial nation regarded the afflictions of a subject race. A profound discouragement was rapidly spreading amid all classes, official and lay, native and European. English officers, whose powers had been for months overtaxed, and who had subscribed largely from their private means to alleviate the sufferings around them, began to think that the ear of the mother-country had waxed dull, and her heart cold, and that their exertions and privations were disregarded and despised by their more fortunate fellow-citizens at home. The native press directed a not undeserved sarcasm at the narrowness, forgetfulness, and caprice of English charity, and at the hollowness of English protestations of national responsibility. Feelings of this kind, however fundamentally unjust, are not the less real political dangers in a country like India, where we hold our own, to a large extent, by our successful appeal to the national imagination; and it would have been a political as well as a moral blunder to allow so fitting an occasion for a friendly and humane act to pass without availing ourselves of it in a manner befitting a powerful, wealthy, and humane nation.

But it is not on sentimental grounds alone that the British subscription is to be commended; never yet was there an occasion on which money could be more profitably employed, or on which the luxurious classes might with better reason abate some items of their luxury to solace the wretchedness of a whole community. The Government of India must of course, if it wishes to avoid immediate bankruptcy, prescribe to itself the most rigid rules in the distribution of relief; none but the absolutely necessitous can get any relief at all, and then only under the most trying conditions. Thousands and tens of thousands have, we must fear, perished under the severity of the test; yet the rulers of India are not inhumane, and economy is no doubt a primary duty with the administrators of a poverty-stricken country. But, this being so, it follows that outside the line laid down by Government there must be a wide fringe of suffering only a shade less acute than that which Government recognizes. For three years the poor of Madras (and the poverty in the Eastern capitals is of an especially squalid order) have been sinking under the weight of famine prices; large classes of persons are prevented by caste or custom or inveterate prejudice from availing themselves of the Government relief; the numerous charitable institutions which in normal times do a good work in rendering life just tolerable to the poor have been strained to the uttermost in their attempt to meet the emergency; private individuals have given till they have no more to give. The whole of society, from top to

bottom, is paralysed with want and misery. Here, surely, if charity is ever to play a part in our national proceedings, is an occasion when we ought as a nation to give, and give largely, to those whom an unprecedented combination of events has plunged into unexpected misery. Three such summers in sequence have never been known for a century, and will not, it may be hoped, be known again in the lifetime of any one now alive. The distress is exceptional, and such as no ordinary prudence could have averted. We may trust the Governor of MADRAS and the Relief Committee to administer our alms so as neither to demoralize the deserving nor to encourage that large class who are always anxious to live at any one's expense rather than their own. The establishment of orphanages, and the advancing of funds to agriculturists for the purchase of seed, implements, or bullocks, are channels of expenditure in which any humane person may rejoice to think that his contribution is running. The details can of course be settled only by those who are on the spot and conversant with the classes concerned; but enough is known to justify a general and hearty subscription throughout the country, and to give those who have already subscribed a satisfactory assurance that their contribution will find its way, in the most wise and advantageous shape, to the unfortunates for whose benefit it was intended.

THE SOCIALIST CONGRESSES.

TWO Socialist Congresses which have lately met at Ghent and Verviers have had the satisfaction of seeing their proceedings briefly reported in London papers. Some readers may perhaps have been surprised at the importance which is attached to the ravings of a few mutinous workmen; but it is well to learn more cheaply than by such experiments as the Paris Commune or the American railway riots the theories which exercise a vague influence over a not inconsiderable part of the working community. It would be interesting to learn whether those members of the Congresses who earn an honest pittance by reporting their proceedings throw the modest remuneration which they receive into the common stock. The speeches and resolutions are chiefly interesting as bold reductions to absurdity of propositions which are either affirmed or hinted at by social reformers of higher pretensions. All the numerous sects of Socialists agree in the opinion that private property should be transferred from its present owners either to the State or to undefined groups of associated workmen. Solemn economists who are in the habit of denouncing "the idle rich" would adopt the same principle if they both examined their meaning, and followed it to its legitimate conclusion. Every person who possesses the smallest fragment of realized property is idle as far as his actual accumulations are concerned, though he may at the same time work hard for more. A workman with a few pounds in a Savings Bank or a Freehold Land Society is, in respect of his ownership, one of the idle rich. A still more paradoxical resolution pledged the members of the Verviers Congress to assist every insurrection in every country, whatever may be its motives or pretexts. Votes of sympathy were passed to the promoters of various abortive disturbances at St. Petersburg, at Bern, and at Benevento; and "the insurrection of the people of the United States during the last railway strike" received its due meed of applause. It was unnecessary to remember that the Federal troops, with the full approval of the majority of the people of the United States, suppressed the riots by force. In Socialist language, no man who has anything to lose is included in the collective designation of the people; nor indeed does he possess any moral or political rights. The selfishness of a dominant faction is a not unprecedented peculiarity; but perhaps it is imprudent for aspirants at present far removed from power to announce their intention of using their future privileges in their own exclusive interest. The Socialist Utopia may share the definition which has been applied to a farce, of forming the logical conclusion to be drawn from impossible premisses.

Several orators referred to the Paris Commune as having partially realized the ideal anarchy which is to prevail in the future. Another gleam of success was supplied at a still later date by the accession to power of the Federal Republicans in Spain. Some of the Ministers at that time talked nearly the same jargon which is used at Ghent and Verviers; as when one of their number declared that he

could not resist the insurrection at Carthage because it was promoted by members of his own political faction. Nevertheless a Spanish delegate at one of the Congresses declared that the Federal Republic had not been better than the various forms of government which it superseded. Perfection has not yet been attained on earth, though it may perhaps still be achieved through promiscuous bloodshed and plunder. The malcontent MENDOZA objected, not only to the Federal Republic, but to "thinkers" or educated persons, who are, it seems, incapable of understanding the instincts of the people. For his own part he came to Ghent to receive reports of the popular army and to put himself at its head. The people, he said, with a fine disregard of facts which characterizes the whole agitation, would find bayonets; and yet he knows that the collective Socialist body has not a breech-loading gun in its possession. Metaphorical bayonets do little harm; and an explanation of the purposes for which Socialists would employ concrete bayonets may possibly be useful. The imaginary working-man of democratic politicians is exempt from all revolutionary propensities. In this case the human painter has flattered the lion, who is himself anxious to appear rather terrible than beautiful. His picture of himself is certainly not attractive. It may be doubted whether the bonds of social union become more stringent when they apply only to a single class. The Executive Committee of the Working Men's Party of the United States addressed a long letter to the Ghent Congress, in which they mentioned a previous attempt to obtain European co-operation. An address issued in September last to all the labour organizations throughout the world elicited one reply from a Committee at Altona, which asked for money to be spent in elections. Socialists resemble the rest of the world in their indisposition to spend money on day dreams. The Congress of Ghent broke up in a quarrel which will recur on similar occasions. Differences are settled in real life by the success of one or other of the disputants in attaining the result which he desires. In one of FIELDING'S novels two villagers become enemies because each asserts that the parson would prefer him for the appointment of parish clerk. When a vacancy at last occurs, one of the candidates succeeds to the office, and the feud is thenceforth at an end.

There is no hardship or sacrifice in bestowing casuistical ingenuity on problems which may become practically important if the world is hereafter turned upside down. Socialist speculators have sagaciously discovered that, when private property and civil government are abolished, some kind of substitute must, or must not, be provided. On this issue the International Association split in two; and one of the alternative possibilities admits of a subdivision. The control of labour and of the implements of labour may be vested in the State, or in some more limited body, or there may be no control of any kind. There are accordingly sects of authoritarians, as they are called, and anarchists; and the Ghent Congress only adopted by a small majority a resolution in favour of administration by the State. It is in a certain sense gratifying to patriotic vanity to observe that the English delegates are always a shade less impractical in their notions than their foreign colleagues. A dreamy projector thought that groups of workmen should not be governed either from without or from within. Unanimity, he contended, would supersede coercion; and dissentients had the remedy of withdrawing. In other words, the majority was, after all, to be supreme; and those who differed from the stronger party were to be banished from the paradise of labour. An English Socialist clearly showed that community and equality could only be maintained by an irresistible despotism; and he reminded the projectors that Government had some other functions besides the regulation of labour. There is no doubt that to obtain even partial and temporary success Socialism must submit to absolute power. Trade-Unions have no hesitation in suppressing within the range of their authority personal liberty of choice. One of the conditions of profitable labour seems to be forgotten at Socialist Congresses. When the idle rich are exterminated there will be no customers except for the necessities of life. With curious disregard of economic results, the Paris workmen, who spend their lives in making ornamental superfluities, have long been the deadly enemies of the classes on which they depend for subsistence. Diamonds, ornate clocks, and trinkets and knickknacks of all descriptions would

cease to command a market as soon as the Social Republic was established. The industry of mankind would henceforth be exclusively occupied in providing food and the coarser and cheaper kind of goods. It is open to theorists to contend that the abolition of luxury would be ultimately beneficial; but it is certain that during the change many thousands of skilled artisans would be in danger of starving.

Agricultural labour, which was not represented in the Belgian Congresses, has at least the advantage of being indispensable. While artisans desire more or less fanciful methods of appropriating to themselves the whole profits of industry, rural cultivators may point to one country in which a large part of the land is occupied in common. Russian villages have no need to discuss the question whether combined labour should be subject to definite control. The State indeed interferes with them only for purposes of revenue and police; but every member of the community is compelled to submit to the absolute authority of the village majority or of its representatives. According to some recent writers, the ancient system of common occupation is becoming impracticable since the emancipation of the peasantry. At the same time its results offer little encouragement to foreign imitators; and they form no precedent for industrial Socialism. As long as the land supplies a maintenance, there is no reason why it should be thrown out of cultivation. Occupiers and labourers can always consume their own produce, even if they fail to produce a surplus or to find a market. Factory operatives, as a rule, produce goods for the consumption of others, and their occupation ceases if they allow themselves to be undersold, or if the cost of production is such as to destroy the demand. Until a dead level of communism is established in all parts of the world, free labour, supported by capital, will compete successfully with an artificial organization of industry. There is fortunately no immediate probability that the experiment will be tried. The Trades-Union Congress at Leicester may or may not have been gratified by a friendly message in which the Socialist Congress at Ghent recognized the connexion of the two agitations. The difference between the discussions at Ghent and at Leicester corresponds to the distinction between pure mechanics and the experimental or applied science which takes friction into account.

SCOTCH LIBERALS.

IT is announced that there are to be great Liberal gatherings held in Scotland during the month of November, over which Lord HARTINGTON has consented to preside. It has been thought necessary or useful that the wandering flocks of Scotch Liberals should listen to the voice of their head shepherd and range themselves under his acknowledged guardianship. The majority of the Scotch people is unquestionably Liberal. Liberalism of a sturdy, if not attractive, kind is associated with their religion, their manners, and their habits. They have the free ways of Dissenters, but then they have also the dissidence of Dissent. They are quite as ready to quarrel with each other as with any one else. There is always some side issue on which they are ready to separate from their party. They will vote for a Conservative or abstain from voting because their too susceptible feelings have been wounded in some trampy affair, because their special friend has been excluded from some tiny municipal council, or because some publican whom they love or hate has been denied or granted a licence. As a rule, the landed proprietors are Conservatives, and their Conservatism is intensified by the religious separation which provides them, and them almost exclusively, with the most genteel of communions in the Scotch Episcopal Church. Some few of the most spirited and intelligent among the landowners are strong Liberals; but they are attached rather to Liberalism in general than to Liberalism in Scotland. For Scotch Liberalism is sadly provincial, and does not readily associate itself with wide views or manifestations of high public spirit. The only organ of public opinion which once raised the tone and heightened the character of the party has declined into the narrow paths of local bitterness since the *Scotsman* lost the bold and adroit guidance of Mr. RUSSEL. Nor, if there is a want of anything very pleasant to contemplate in Scotch constituencies, is there much to cheer the soul in

Scotch members. With the exception of Mr. GRANT DUFF, Mr. TREVELYAN, and Mr. PLAYFAIR, and, in a minor degree, of Mr. BAXTER, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Mr. LAING, and Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, there is scarcely a Scotch member whose name is known out of Scotland. The heir of the CAMPBELLS translates the Psalms; the Conservatives contribute the most modest of Lord Advocates in Mr. WATSON, and the most persevering of dummies in Sir WILLIAM EDMONSTONE; and Edinburgh and Glasgow seem bent on showing with what small local notorieties great cities can be contented. An educated Scotch Liberal, as he surveys the position and prospects of his party, must often feel inclined to dread the electors and to despise the elected. And his heart may well sink within him as he thinks how he may best fortify himself for a new struggle with the Conservatives. For not only has he the feeling common to him with English Liberals, that it is hard to attack a minority which has imposed a mild and wise Liberalism on its supporters, but he has peculiar difficulties of his own. The Conservative Government, so far as Scotland goes, is actually in some respects more Liberal than its opponents. Local cries and petty views of local interests do not affect it so deeply. It is more likely to have the courage to apply wasted resources to the provision of a good system of secondary education, which is the greatest and most pressing need, of Scotch society; and it is more ready to open its purse-strings when learning or science can show a fair claim for the aid of the Government.

How silly a Liberal Scotch member can be has been strikingly illustrated by the wonderful history of the wrongs which Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR thinks he has suffered, and of the revenge which he proposes to take. He has announced to his constituents his fixed determination no longer to represent them after the close of the present Parliament, because he cannot longer endure the burden of Parliamentary life. He went into Parliament with definite and serious expectations, and at all points he has had to encounter disappointment and humiliation. He looked forward to enjoying distinct personal advantages, and he has not enjoyed them. He thought it a matter of course that he should be treated as a great person at Westminster, and he has been treated as a very small person. He has no sympathy with any individual in that large assemblage, and he does not think any one there has sympathy with him. Sense and knowledge coming from him produce less effect than folly and ignorance coming from others. Nothing has gone as it should have gone. He understood that Parliament was a pleasant lounge, and the House the most agreeable of clubs. But the Irish obstructives have spoilt Parliament for him. What with the wrangling and the calls to order, and the walking in and out of lobbies, there is no peace or comfort. He has had to lead the life of a cattle-dealer at a tryst rather than that of a great man commanding deference in a serene Assembly. Socially, too, he has been unsuccessful. The Duke of ARGYLL, as he complained to his constituents, altogether neglected to call on him. He left his card on the DUKE, but the DUKE left no card on him. Lord HARTINGTON seems to have ventured to show that, in his opinion, the great Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR was actually a bore. He wrote letters on the Eastern question to the *Times* and *Daily News*, but could not get them printed, and then he sent them to Mr. GLADSTONE. And here he sustained the greatest and most unexpected of blows. He did not get even a post-card in reply. "He tied a string round my papers," and on the cover he merely put, "With W. E. G.'s compliments." This was crushing. A man who sends letters on the Eastern question too foolish for the newspapers to print, for the perusal of Mr. GLADSTONE, and does not wake the slightest response from that fervent and kindred spirit, must feel that he has got down as low in the world as man can descend. Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR could not brook the crushing insult of Mr. GLADSTONE's silence. He explicitly demanded of Mr. GLADSTONE the reason why the head of his party had treated him with neglect. Mr. GLADSTONE replied that he was not the head of the Liberal party, and that he had not time to write to every one who addressed him. This, as Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR triumphantly pointed out at Thurso, was sheer nonsense. A man who can find time to talk about pottery and to cut down trees must have time to answer letters. But there was a little balm in store for him. Deserted and outraged by the Liberals, he addressed himself to the Conservatives, and sent his letters to Lord DERRY. He received a courteous reply, to the effect that Lord

DERRY had read those unfortunate documents with pleasure and profit. It may be guessed that Lord DERRY has had the good sense to provide himself with an inventive and ingenious secretary. But at any rate the conduct of the Liberal leaders was so outrageously offensive that a heavy punishment must be inflicted on them. Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR abandons them. They are to lose for ever the man they have rejected. Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR will cease to represent the county of Caithness, and his son will represent it in his stead. Perhaps even now it is not too late. Something might be done to soothe this proud and wounded spirit. A note or a card from Chatsworth, or even a presentation copy of Lord LORNE's metrical version, might bring it peace and assurance. But unless something unforeseen happens, a tragic fate must have its course, and one SINCLAIR will be member for Caithness instead of another.

In spite, however, of everything—in spite of their own quarrels, in spite of their own local bitternesses, in spite of having members like Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR to represent them—the Liberals in Scotland are a strong party. What they want is union, and if it is difficult to unite them, it is perhaps not impossible. Lord HARTINGTON has a great opportunity of conferring benefit on those who follow him by going to Scotland. If any one could breathe a better spirit into the distracted minds of Scotch Liberals, it is he. Whatever may be, on the whole, the comparative merits of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GLADSTONE as the leader of the Liberal party as a whole, there can be no doubt that, for the purposes of Scotch Liberalism, Lord HARTINGTON has an incontestable superiority. The enthusiasm of a portion of the English working classes for Mr. GLADSTONE has a very faint echo in Scotland. The woes of the Bulgarians do not much move the stern hearts of humble Scotchmen. They want a Liberal leader who can make them hope that what they mean by Liberalism shall be once more triumphant. To beat the man they dislike, and to carry the election of the man they like, is their modest but practical aim. To enable them to succeed, a leader like Lord HARTINGTON combines more qualifications than any one else. The ordinary Liberal is proud of Lord HARTINGTON, proud of his being a Marquess, proud of his solid sense, his moderation, and his fine though courteous criticism of his opponents. The animosities of local Liberals may possibly die away in the presence and under the influence of a leader who seems entitled to remind them that England is an Empire, and that to determine the policy of an Empire is something greater, and even more interesting, than to fight over the conflicting interests which divide Scotch burghs. And, fortunately for Lord HARTINGTON, the only proposal which he has to make in the name of his party—the extension of the county franchise—ruinous as it would be to many Liberal members in England, has peculiar attractions for the Scotchmen who follow him. The strength of Scotch Conservatives is in the counties, but they are only strong because the franchise is limited, and because the local Liberals are often overwhelmed by the votes of non-residents, which have been created by the skilful and vigilant organization of the Conservative agents. There would be a large gain to the Liberals if householders could vote for the counties, where the pressure of landlords and farmers would be much less felt than in England. A party triumph is a prospect dear to the ordinary Scotch mind, and Lord HARTINGTON, when he proposes to give it to his Scotch friends, will stimulate and encourage them, and make them look on him as a giver of good things as well as a nobleman, and a leader whom it is safe and satisfactory to obey.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

IT is not easy to understand the object which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proposes to himself by an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on the policy of aggrandizement. Although Mr. DICEY, and perhaps a few other English writers, have recommended the acquisition of Egypt, no political party has shown any disposition to adopt the proposal. The paradoxical suggestion with which an eminent Belgian lately amused himself of a great English Empire to extend from Alexandria to Cape Town may be summarily dismissed as a mere literary exercitation. M. DE LAVELLEVE at the same time indicated the purely theoretical character of his scheme, by expressing an opinion that the whole Continent would be better governed than

at present if it were distributed into English Viceroyalties. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH sneers more angrily than the occasion requires at a project for handing over the government of Europe to the reactionary aristocracy of England. It is hard on the class which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has selected as the object of his controversial animosity to be vituperated because a foreign writer has, for his own purposes, praised English administration. A little reflection would have satisfied Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH that M. DE LAVELEYE is, like himself, bent, not on paying compliments, but on giving point to satire or censure. His preference of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's reactionary aristocracy implies mere disapproval of the Continental bureaucracy. In his belief that the condition of the Egyptians would be immediately improved by English rule M. DE LAVELEYE is supported by the authority of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH himself. The objections to the annexation are founded on considerations of prudence, and of that regard to the interests of England which is denounced by indignant orators as selfishness. Egypt as an English province might probably pay for its internal administration; but its revenues would not cover the direct and indirect liabilities which would be involved in its defence. As far as the great majority of politicians are concerned Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH wastes his strength in pushing at an open door.

The possession of Egypt would be dangerous and burdensome, not because it would injure other European Powers, but because it would provoke jealousy and resentment. The access of the commerce of the world to the valley of the Nile and the countries beyond it would be effectually secured by the establishment of English dominion in Africa; but perhaps the nations which border on the Mediterranean would rather pay high duties to another Government than profit by the invidious superiority of English commercial practice. Italy, as soon as her independence was established, naturally began to aspire to the maritime supremacy which was exercised by her own mediæval Republics; and France has now for eighty years regarded England as a rival in all matters relating to Egypt. In 1840 M. THIERS was on the point of going to war with England in promotion of a chimerical scheme for the establishment of a new dynasty which was to govern Egypt and Syria under the protectorate of France. From that time to the fall of the Empire it would have been impossible for England to annex Egypt except at the risk of war. The accomplishment of such an enterprise might be for the moment comparatively safe, because French statesmen are agreed on the present necessity of maintaining peace even under strong provocation; but an attempt on the part of England to profit by the supposed helplessness of France would inevitably lead to future quarrels. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is "credibly assured that her jealousy will be at once "aroused, and that her hostility awaits us in the end." It was unnecessary to support by authority a self-evident proposition, and it is scarcely justifiable to confirm French suspicions by the statement that "the aristocratic party is in "the ascendant, and that British aristocracy as well as "Russian despotism is willing to divert the mind of the people "from progress at home to aggrandizement abroad." By due inquiry Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH might have satisfied himself that the leaders of both parties have taken measures to reassure French statesmen by disavowing any purpose of acquiring territory in Egypt. It may be hoped that the language of eminent non-official writers will not revive the alarm which the Government has done its best to remove.

In the greater part of his Essay Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is engaged, not in deprecating aggrandizement, but in carping at the existence of an Empire which must by his own admission be retained. While his title-page refers to Egypt, and perhaps to Syria and Crete, his great powers of argument and rhetoric are devoted to India. The demoralizing tendencies of Imperial power, the folly of attempting to reconstruct a Roman Empire, the excesses which may unfortunately have been committed during war in India and China, might serve as arguments against the acquisition of India, or even as reasons for abandoning a hopeless and pernicious supremacy. If India is to be retained, it might seem to ordinary minds desirable to make the best of necessity; but an enlightened philosophy apparently leads to the opposite conclusion. Some of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's apprehensions are not known to have occurred to any other political moralist. "PALMERSTON'S *Civis Romanus* is one "of many indications that the image of the Roman Empire "still vaguely hovers before our minds." A mere flourish

of speech, expressing a laudable resolution to protect the rights of Englishmen in foreign countries, assuredly implied no belief in the possibility of converting France, Germany, and Russia into English provinces. Even if M. DE LAVELEYE'S whimsical Utopia had been devised by an Englishman, it could scarcely have been mistaken for a practical project. Lord ELGIN'S disapproval of the Chinese policy which he executed seems to be cited only for the purpose of throwing obloquy on the English Government of twenty years ago, and on English merchants. Horrible descriptions of two acts of cruelty perpetrated respectively by English and Sikh soldiers during the mutiny have no apparent purpose except to discredit the national character.

One of the oddest of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S objections to the Indian Empire, to which nevertheless he professes not to object, is founded on the political tendencies of which he suspects returned civil and military servants. In former days, he says, East India nabobs took part in Parliamentary corruption, and "it was on the East India Bill, and with "the support of the Nabobs, that GEORGE III. gained the "victory over the Constitution which established his ascendancy, and enabled him to bring a train of calamities on the "country." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is himself a biographer of PITT, whose victory over the combined Whig aristocracy established his ascendancy rather than that of the King, with results which are not exhaustively described as a train of calamities. Still dwelling on the associations of the eighteenth century, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH says that "Anglo-Indians, as "a body, return rich," and he immediately proceeds to identify them with the obsolete Nabobs of the past. An Indian Civil servant with a maximum pension of 1,000*l.* a year, of which he has himself contributed one half, is fortunate if by self-denial he has saved 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* Even if he were actuated by the corrupt and tyrannical propensities which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH attributes to his class, he would only exercise as much influence in elections as an ordinary artisan. No better or more patriotic body of men is to be found in England; yet the existence of the retired Anglo-Indian is gratuitously represented as one of the evils which attend the possession of an Indian Empire. As it would be impossible to deny that the Indian Empire trains administrators and soldiers, it remains to suggest that they are for the most part administrators and soldiers of a special, and, as the phrase implies, an objectionable kind. "Algeria trained soldiers, and her training is said "to have been one of the causes of the military disasters "which befel France." Of soldiers trained in India, WELLINGTON was the most illustrious; and in recent times Lord CLYDE and Lord SANDHURST were among the best soldiers of the English army. Sir JOHN PETER GRANT raised Jamaica from anarchy and depression to a high degree of prosperity. Sir BARTLE FRERE is now undertaking, with general confidence and approval, an arduous experiment in the organization of colonial government. At an earlier time Lord METCALFE was considered the fittest man to restore concord when it had been rudely disturbed in Canada.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH truly says that conquest undertaken for monopoly of markets has become obsolete and absurd since the adoption of Free-trade. Russian ambition is still inspired by the desire of closing to the commerce of the world every country which it is possible to annex. It is not necessarily true that, if the Indian Empire were relinquished, the ports of India would still be free. Any other civilized Power which succeeded to the abandoned inheritance of England would impose protective or prohibitive duties; and it is highly probable that independent native Governments would mimic the policy of Continental Europe and of the United States. After all, it seems a waste of time to answer arguments against Imperial dominion which are advanced by those who recognize its historical necessity, though they regret the responsibility which has been irrevocably incurred. Protests against aggrandizement will become seasonable when any Government or party in England promotes territorial aggression. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH rightly asserts that the strength of England lies in England; but it is something that a large part of the world would in time of war be open to English ships, and closed to the enemies of England. There is at present no question of plans of conquest, and yet it is thought necessary "to make "a perfectly clean breast by confessing that there are "some people who believe that the consecration of filibustering nationality is rather out of date; that the day of

"Humanity has dawned, and that to resent its arrival is about as natural as to resent the arrival of autumn, or anything else that the course of nature brings." Although resentment is useless, it may be excusable to feel regret when autumn brings with it storms and frosts. It is also to be regretted that in political discussion, though not in practical life, Humanity seems to be indissolubly combined with hatred.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AT ABERDEEN.

THE return of Michaelmas brings with it the inevitable goose, and the equally inevitable Social Science Congress. We disclaim any disrespectful intention in this collocation of ideas. If the goose of the season did not yield more and more profitable meat than the Congress of the season, he would be but a sorry bird. But nothing is further from our purpose than to imply any such censure. The resemblance between the two is purely temporal; it does not go beyond the period at which they both appear. The goose affords a profitable, and even toothsome meal, and it can seldom be said of a Social Science Congress that it provides either. The only link that binds the members together is one that makes them specially dangerous to the common weal. They have a mutual forbearance for each other's crotchets. They seem to be perpetually saying, Listen to my paper and I will listen to yours. No subject is ever struck out of the programme of a Social Science Congress, because, if one were to go, there would be no reason why any should remain. The scriptures of the Congress know no apocrypha, and the canon is never closed. The subjects with which the British Association deals, or most of them, have some connexion with one another. It is possible to take a survey of the whole field of physical science, and to enumerate certain laws which are common to all the parts. To the field of Social Science nothing is common except the miracle that so many people can be brought together for such a purpose. No one denies of course that many of the subjects with which the Congress deals are of great practical importance. Education, the treatment of criminals, the prevention of drunkenness—these are just the subjects about which Home Secretaries dream by night and receive deputations by day. Does not Mr. PARNELL boast that in the last Session he amended the discipline of English prisons in 34, or 340—we are not quite sure about the cypher—distinct particulars? Has not education broken up parties, made or marred the reputations of statesmen, and made every taxpayer a little poorer and a little more ill-tempered? We give these absorbing questions and all like them their full meed of reverence. They are momentous and absorbing in any degree that may be claimed for them. But they have no connexion with one another; and, lacking this one quality, they lack that which is most indispensable to the subject-matter of a Congress. It is of very great use that experts in each of them should think out their several theories and endeavour by speech or writing to recommend their views to the Government or to Parliament. Nor is there any objection to their doing this at a time when other experts are doing the same for other subjects, with nothing but a few inches of lath and plaster between them. But there is no reason why they should give themselves a common name. The sections of the Congress are, in all respects, distinct bodies. Interest in one of the subjects treated of does not imply interest in any of the others. There are no common methods of research, and no common object of pursuit. That the Congress has incidentally been of use need not be questioned. Committees of various kinds have grown out of it, and in these some good work has been done. But if it had been possible for these Committees to come into existence, apart from the Congress, they would probably have done better work still, because they would not have wasted their time in preparation for, or in attendance on, these pretentious gatherings. How far it would have been possible to secure the benefit without the disadvantage cannot be determined; and it may fairly be argued that the general prevalence of congresses is evidence that, if they do not meet a real want, they gratify a real taste. At all events, they are as much part of the machinery of modern life as railways or telegraphs; and it is about as profitable to grumble at the annoyances of the one as at those of the other.

The President of the Congress for this year is Lord ABERDEEN; and, at the opening meeting on Wednesday, he delivered an appropriate, because unconnected, address. There was something amusing in the suddenness with which, after a preliminary circle or two, he flew straight to the subjects in which he is himself interested. In Lord ABERDEEN's case the list is an unusually long one. Instead of confining himself to some one of the subjects which have a place assigned them in the proceedings of the Congress he touched upon four—prison discipline, the Poor-law, the building of houses for the poor, and drunkenness. There can be no greater pleasure to the philanthropist than to hear his special crotchets mentioned with civil approbation by a young and intelligent peer, and Lord ABERDEEN managed so well that he gave this pleasure to four distinct sets of philanthropists. Indeed he may even have given it to five, for under the head of prison discipline he included such distinct subjects as the nature of prison labour and the length of sentences of imprisonment. In one part of his speech, however, Lord ABERDEEN showed himself something more than the conventional and titled President. Some of his remarks about drunkenness were quite worthy of a place in the sectional proceedings of the Congress. They indicate a view of the nature and extent of State responsibilities which must have delighted those among his hearers—and they were doubtless many—who think that the strength of the community will never be really well employed until it is devoted to the forcible reformation of individuals. Lord ABERDEEN enumerated the many evil consequences which flow from drunkenness, and then described the miserable state of the man in whose breast, when confronted by these facts, the petulant retort, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is indigenous. The position symbolized by this inquiry is, he thinks, "not more selfish than it is foolish." The ties "which bind us to our fellow-men"—including, it would seem, the right of reforming them against their will, and the duty of allowing ourselves to be reformed by them against our own will—are "not of our own making; and it does not rest with us to decide whether we shall acknowledge or repudiate them." If the State neglects the moral and social welfare of the people, and, as Lord BEACONSFIELD has expressed it, allows Government to become a mere matter of police, "it will reap the natural fruit of its neglect in an ever-increasing amount of pauperism, disease, and crime. . . . True enlightenment in a government will display itself in dealing with the causes which tend to undermine the health, prosperity, and virtue of the people." If it had not been for the mention of Lord BEACONSFIELD there might have been some cause for uneasiness in this passage. A man who talks about dealing with the causes which tend to undermine the health, prosperity, and virtue of the people usually looks to the closing of public-houses and a few kindred measures as a certain means of making everybody healthy, wealthy, and good. When drink is very difficult to get very little money can be wasted on it, and if by any chance a man with exceptional wealth or exceptional opportunities still contrives to get more than is good for him his own or his wife's relations will stand ready to shut him up in a hospital for dipsomaniacs. But the introduction of Lord BEACONSFIELD's name is in the highest degree reassuring. Every one knows what an eloquent preacher of sanitary legislation he has been; and we take Lord ABERDEEN's reference to him to imply that, provided that the preaching is all right, it does not greatly matter what the practice is. Certainly if, by dealing with the causes which undermine the health, prosperity, and virtue of the people, he means dealing with them after the manner of Lord BEACONSFIELD, no one need feel the least alarmed. The measures for the regulation of the liquor traffic which we owe to the present Government begin and end in the leave given to public-houses to remain open half an hour longer. Their compulsory dealings with the health of the people consist in a permission given to the municipalities of large towns to pull down unwholesome houses. And, as regards the causes which undermine virtue, we do not remember that any attempt has yet been made to interfere with them. If Lord ABERDEEN is satisfied with the sanitary and philanthropic achievements of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Administration, he is not a very formidable philanthropist.

THE AVALANCHE AND THE FOREST.

THE collision between the *Avalanche* and the *Forest* is richer in lessons how not to deal with such disasters after they have happened than in lessons how to prevent similar disasters in future. There must be a fault somewhere when two vessels come into collision on a night which, though described as extraordinarily dark, is still clear enough to allow of each vessel seeing the other's lights; but, beyond this general blame, no very heavy censure seems to be due to either ship. What censure is due seems to fall mainly on the *Avalanche*, which, it appears, ought to have kept out of the way of the *Forest*. But the death of the pilot in whose charge the *Avalanche* was makes it impossible to say positively whether the steering or the look-out were most in fault. The pilot was an experienced hand, and the crew, according to the evidence, were remarkably sober and well conducted. It seems unlikely, therefore, that there should have been any gross carelessness on board the *Avalanche* in boisterous weather, and after the attention of the men had been quickened by a previous collision in the Thames. On the other hand, it is not alleged that the *Forest* was in fault down to the time of the collision, except that one of the men who got on board her from the *Avalanche* is said to have noticed that the helm was "hard a-starboard," instead of "hard a-port." The inquiry which is to be instituted by the Board of Trade may perhaps bring out some new facts, or the facts already known may wear a different meaning when they have been examined by experts. At present, as there are only these meagre materials on which to rest a conclusion, it is safest not to attempt to form one. The question whether the *Forest* was undermanned does not seem to have anything to do with the actual disaster. Upon the usual computation she was very seriously undermanned, as, instead of carrying three men for every 100 tons registered tonnage, she only carried about three men for every 200 tons. But it is not easy to see what a larger crew could have done to prevent a collision, though they might have known their duties better in the moments of alarm which followed the collision. The nominal complement of the *Avalanche* was perfectly adequate; but it seems that a large deduction must be made for men who were really employed in the service of the passengers, not of the ship. The absence of a proper number of water-tight compartments in the hull of the *Avalanche* caused her to sink more rapidly, and the boats of the *Forest* were not in proper condition for being used at a moment's notice. Probably it had been intended to look to them when the ship was fairly started on her voyage, and a sailor accustomed to ocean navigation hardly considers that this point is reached in the Channel.

Collisions may be accidental, but the disrespectful usage of dead bodies cannot be accidental; and in the case of the sailors who have been washed ashore there has been grossly disrespectful usage. The parish authorities appear to be keenly sensitive to the importance of keeping down the rates, and, not being prepared to pay all the expenses entailed by the decent burial of bodies washed ashore, they single out what they consider the most important particular, and spend all their money upon that. Their choice has not been a fortunate one. The only attention that seems to have been paid to the dead was to enclose them in strong coffins. Provided that the bodies had been decently shrouded and decently carried to the grave, the kind of coffin provided was quite a minor consideration. The parish authorities, however, were of opinion that their duties began and ended with the carpenter. The dead were first placed in a loft perfectly naked, and with no attempt made to wash the blood from their faces and hair, or to staunch the wounds from which it still oozed. In this same state they were placed in their coffins, and but for the kindness of the landlady of a neighbouring inn, would have been buried. As it was, some calico was wrapped round each corpse, the coffins were placed in a waggon, and taken to the churchyard. On arriving there, it was found that no provision had been made for carrying the coffins from the waggon to the grave, and if a sufficient number of bystanders had not come forward as volunteer bearers, it seems that the difficulty must have been got over by simply drawing up the waggon by the side of the grave, and overturning its contents. It would be interesting to ascertain whether all bodies washed ashore in the parish of Portland are

treated in this fashion. If they are, the authorities may take credit for having added a local terror to shipwreck. There is room for curiosity, too, as to the normal manner of conducting pauper funerals in Portland. It seems hardly likely that men buried under these exciting circumstances should be less cared for than men about whom nothing more interesting can be said than that they have been burdens on the rates for a longer or shorter period. Is it the custom at Portland to bury paupers in the same way in which these sailors were buried? The names of the officials who are responsible for the conduct of parish funerals at Portland ought to be published. It is seldom that we see such complete emancipation from the prejudices which so commonly surround the grave.

It has sometimes been asked what would be done if a ship were scuttled in the Suez Canal, and the passage blocked for twenty-four critical hours. Judging from the action of the Admiralty at Portland, we should say that nothing would be done. The hull of the *Forest* has been lying half out of the water in a part of the Channel where it constitutes a constant source of danger to passing ships, but all the resources of the Admiralty do not seem able to remove it. The Admiral goes out and looks at it, and from time to time bags of gunpowder are exploded near it, with the result of reproducing the Trafalgar Square fountains on a large scale. It might have been supposed that the Admiralty would rather have welcomed this opportunity of torpedo practice; and that, under judicious management, the hull of the *Forest* might have furnished material for a series of interesting experiments. This is not the view which the Admiralty have taken of the facts. They have been less pained at the possible injury which the wreck may do to passing ships than at the certain outlay involved in removing it. Torpedoes are not a weapon that can be used every day, and the unusual presence of a dangerous obstruction in the Channel would at least have saved the Admiralty the possible necessity of sacrificing an old ship in some future trials. As things stand, the only object they have attained is a considerable waste of gunpowder.

THE CAMPAIGN IN BULGARIA.

HAD Plevna fallen at the last grand attack directed against it, the Turks could not have pleaded in extenuation of failure that they were not given plenty of time in which to take adequate measures for its defence. Ever since the first Russian repulse it had been persistently and almost officially declared from that side that a fresh effort, with means corresponding to the importance of the object, would at the earliest moment be directed against Osman Pasha's improvised fortress. All the world knew that the principal Russian concentration lay on the side of the Osma, not of the Lom. From Constantinople it was reported that great fears were felt on account of Osman's isolated situation. Of course Mehemet Ali and Suleiman knew perfectly well what the intentions of the Russians were. Here then we have everybody knowing what was going to take place. Yet the only man who appears to have acted up to his appreciation of the situation was Osman Pasha. He had not neglected to warn his Government of the storm which was about to burst. In presence, then, of the certainty of a renewed desperate assault with largely increased means, and of the probability that it would be attended with success, what measures were adopted at the Seraskierate or by the generals on other parts of the theatre of operations to ward off or to diminish the danger?

Suleiman, of his own initiative or by superior order, detached a certain number of his command to reinforce his colleague. This number has been variously put at 10,000, 15,000, and 25,000 men. We believe it to have been impossible for Suleiman to spare 25,000 or even 15,000 soldiers. From Shipka it was reported by a correspondent present there that, at the beginning of the fight in the Pass, the Turkish force amounted to a little over 40,000 men. Putting the battalions brought from Montenegro, which, though numerous, were only, as the correspondent himself observed, from 300 to 500 strong, at 30,000 men—and that is a high estimate—and the division of Raouf at Karabunar at 15,000 (he could not well have had more after the destructive engagements in which he was worsted), we obtain 45,000 in all. If then a large detachment was made to Plevna, it must have been composed of recruits forwarded in the first instance from Constantinople. Suleiman was not likely to part with his tried troops, and we knew that the fighting in the Shipka Pass was principally, if not entirely, carried on by these. But even if Osman had received 25,000 men as reinforcement, while the enemy was being strengthened in a corresponding ratio, it would not prove that those charged with the supreme direction of affairs had understood the requirements of the situation. There were other points besides Plevna on the field of operations. Whence did the Russians draw their increased numbers before that place? The Imperial Guard,

the new levies, were yet distant; 30,000 Roumanians, indeed, had come into line, but these were not Russians. The corps and a half which had entered Bulgaria since the battle of July 30th were not much more than was required to fill the gaps caused by sickness and fighting. Yet, while the battle of July 30th was fought by 30,000 Russians, we find some 70,000 of them in the early days of September arrayed before the lines of Plevna. And this notwithstanding the losses in the Shipka battles, and at Pelisat, and before Lovatz, and in spite of the necessity of maintaining a force on the Timova-Shipka line to contain Suleiman Pasha. It was of course clear that the army of the Czarewitch on the Lom had been weakened in order to strengthen the hands of the Grand Duke Nicholas on the Osma. Here then appears to have occurred Mehemet Ali's first favourable opportunity for action—an opportunity for menacing demonstrations which would inevitably make the Czarewitch, already not in too great strength, very chary of parting with any of his command to be employed either against Suleiman or against Osman. He chose, however, to remain almost inactive. Perhaps he expected so great a reduction to be made in the forces opposite to his own position as would warrant him in making, later on, something more than menacing demonstrations. But we shall return to him presently.

Thanks almost entirely to himself, to his perception of the advantages the Plevna position offered for defence, to his engineering skill and to the admirable constancy and devoted valour of his troops, Osman Pasha has so far conspicuously triumphed. It must have required no little nerve, no slight confidence in himself and in his troops, when he determined to fight where he was. The loss of Lovatz on his right hand, the ominous gathering of Roumanians on his left rear, the cutting of his communications by telegraph with Sofia and with Widdin, the knowledge that he had few regular cavalry wherewith to oppose any large body of horse which might sweep round his position, cut off his convoys, and intercept reinforcements, and the certainty that, were he beaten out of his lines, his army would stand committed to a disastrous retreat—all these considerations were doubtless weighed, and with the result "J'y suis et j'y reste." Having made up his mind to fight to the last, against all odds, at and for Plevna, Osman appears to have utilized to the utmost the five weeks' leisure allowed him. To keep his forces provisioned was the least difficult part of his task, since his communications were free; the villages within his lines contained ample supplies, and the fields were everywhere "groaning with the weight of the rich crops of maize." But it must have given him a vast deal of trouble to furnish his infantry, and especially his artillery, with munitions. We must credit the Turks, on that side at least, with having made excellent transport arrangements, else how could they have supported the enormous consumption entailed by a battle on a great scale lasting several days? The usual allowance of ammunition when a British army takes the field is 500 rounds per gun, and 480 for small arms per man. As each man has in his own possession 70 rounds, 410 have to be carried for him, and these constitute the various reserves. A service small-ammunition wagon requires four horses, and it would carry reserve ball-cartridge for 47 men. To carry 410 rounds each for an infantry force of 50,000 men (and Osman Pasha must have quite that number) over 1,000 waggons with four, or over 2,000 carts with two, horses would be required. We just note this to give an idea of the requirements of a large force. As Osman Pasha probably could indulge in no such luxuries as spring-carts and service waggons of our type, he must have laid an embargo on everything that runs on wheels and everything that has four legs in order to compass the paramount object of bringing together supplies of all kinds to last an indefinite time.

The result of the recent attacks on Osman Pasha's fortified lines seems to show that the Russians should either have concentrated their forces as soon as possible after the failure of July 30th for a renewed assault, or have waited the arrival of the Imperial Guard and other troops. The serious work against Suleiman in the Shipka Pass was not begun till more than three weeks after Krüdener's repulse; so there was time enough and to spare for effecting a concentration against Osman. But, having once determined to wait, it would seem to have been better not to resume active operations against Osman until the arrival of the Guard. With that, and the Roumanian army in support, the Grand Duke might reasonably expect to operate with success against the armies of Osman and Suleiman combined; for the 40,000 men of the Guard might well be considered an equivalent to any force that Suleiman could muster after his recent losses. Possibly, however, the Grand Duke was justified in not waiting till all his reinforcements came up, when he contemplated the probability of Mehemet Ali advancing with a large army and with greater rapidity than he has hitherto done. When, however, we read that, as the sole result of the desperate attacks on Osman's position, the Russians are constructing lines of contravallation—when moreover this fact is officially announced and with a certain complacency—we cannot help thinking that these lines of contravallation come somewhat late. They come after a series of sanguinary repulses, after an enormous expenditure of ammunition, after a great waste of time. Had these lines been constructed earlier, had a force protected by redoubts been left opposite Plevna while the Roumanian army was grouped about Nicopol ready to take Osman, should he advance, in flank, the Grand Duke might with his main body have taken up a central position—say at Bulgareni or Strisheno. He would then

have been near enough to support either of the above-mentioned forces and to hold out a hand to the Czarewitch.

But whether or not the right moment was chosen for an onslaught on the great position of Plevna, there can be no doubt that the manner of its execution left much to be desired. No one can read the accounts of the several Correspondents present on the scene, and specially of the writer for the *Daily News*, without perceiving that science had little to say to the methods employed. The experience gained in the previous battles had produced little alteration in the mode of attack. A superior force was indeed employed, but there is no advantage in possessing greater numbers if these are not utilized for concentrated action at decisive points. Indeed they are a positive disadvantage, inasmuch as they lead to greater waste of life when assault after assault is delivered by a commander who can always bring up fresh troops but fails to bring them up in sufficient force at any one time. The writer above referred to tells us he could have wept for pity as he saw isolated bodies of skirmishers, with or without their supports, clambering the slippery slopes leading to the redoubts, from which a fire which "played like lightning along the ramparts" dealt death at every step. And all the while "heavy reserves" were at hand under shelter. Were they placed there to repel a possible counter attack? But, as a general rule, men firing from the security of earthen walls, and doing all the execution they can desire, have no motive to rush out, especially when they see "heavy reserves" waiting to receive them. When an assault is made on a formidable field work filled with troops, and when the approach to that work lies over a reach of smooth ground five hundred yards wide, and which does not so much as "give shelter to a rabbit," the only chance of success lies in the employment of a very considerable body of men. The Germans in the war of 1870 had shown the use to be made of reserves in these cases. They were not posted as spectators of the successful advance of the skirmishers, or as waiters upon their reverse, but were gradually and successively to become an integral portion of the assaulting column, so that the utmost momentum should be given to the final rush. The only Russian general who seems to have understood the true method of attacking earthworks is Skobelev. The assaults of the redoubts which he took were conducted on the system of continuous reinforcements. As soon as the first troops launched began sensibly to feel the effects of the enemy's fire, supports were pushed forward; when these began to lag, others were sent on which carried the action of the piece a little further; and, lastly, the General, putting himself at the head of two reserve battalions, dashed forward and, as it were, lifted the stormers into the redoubts. The triumph was not of long duration, for the very next day the Turks attacked the captured works, and in such force and with such persistency that they ousted General Skobelev, whom the superior Russian commanders neglected, or were unable, to reinforce. Almost invariably the Russians contrive, while superior on the whole, to be inferior in number at the important point. The redoubts taken by Skobelev ought at once of course to have been made secure against a return of the enemy, inasmuch as their possession by the Russians threatened his right flank and right rear; but, instead of Skobelev receiving the succour he demanded, attention seems to have been concentrated on the retention of the Gravitzaredoubt, which is itself dominated by other important works held by the Turks in close proximity. The part that artillery should take in the kind of battle under notice is not only to prepare from a distance for assault by infantry by battering the earthworks and shelling its defenders, but to advance so as to flank and to cover the attacking columns. The fire should be maintained with the utmost vigour to the last moment—that is to say, until its continuance would endanger the storming parties. In the late battle, except in Skobelev's attack, we see nothing of this. The siege-guns from a long distance kept up a well-sustained bombardment; the field-guns prepared from nearer in for the advance of the infantry; and then their fire ceased altogether—ceased just when it would have been likely to create confusion among the defenders lining the parapets, to distract their attention, and disturb their aim at the troops in motion for the assault. We should have expected that the Russians would have largely utilized their superiority in cavalry. They have been credited with having (those of the Roumanian force included) no less than 10,000 horsemen before Plevna. Why were not these used, when Osman Pasha's attention must have been fully given to his front and flanks, for making disquieting demonstrations on his rear? There certainly was small probability that the Turkish general would be able to oppose an effectual opposition by his squadrons to the operations of such a formidable body of horse.

Meanwhile, everybody was wondering where Suleiman Pasha was. After his final repulse in the Shipka, he so thoroughly effaced himself that even Special Correspondents could tell nothing about his whereabouts. He was alternately credited with the design of moving by some pass west or east to join Osman or Mehemet Ali. Then it was said he was reorganizing his army at Kezanlich; again, that he was "sulking" in the Shipka Pass itself. It now appears that he was occupied in the Pass in assimilating his lately joined recruits with his own seasoned troops, and in preparing by bringing up heavy guns to batter effectually the Russian position. He is apparently the Davoust of the Turkish army—stern, unyielding, obstinate. His attitude has seemed to say, "They may fail everywhere else, but I will force the Shipka Pass, and will go by no other." His conduct has been universally condemned, and

we are by no means prepared to dissent from the general voice. One critic has, however, somewhat timidly raised his voice to ask if Suleiman has not after all done well, inasmuch as he caused the Russians to lose time, and drew their attention to him while they were just making ready to re-attack Plevna? But what is the upshot of the sanguinary contest? Simply that Suleiman sacrificed many thousands of invaluable troops in assaulting vainly a position which he might have turned without the loss of a man; that a force estimated at 10,000 Russians still holds the head of the Pass, and has sufficed to contain an army of more than 40,000 Turks, accompanied by a numerous artillery. These 40,000 men would have been of priceless value as forming Mehemet Ali's left wing or Osman's right wing. It may be observed, however, that Suleiman's plan, when first conceived, of penetrating the Balkans by the path he chose offered greater immediate advantages than if he had selected one far to the east, where he might have passed unopposed. His failure is to be attributed to his supineness and to the extraordinary energy and rapidity with which the Russians combated his first attempts. If, however, when the first stroke missed, he had been prompt to recognize its failure, it would have been nothing more than a *coup manqué*, and he would have preserved the power of making a valuable, if perhaps strategically inferior, diversion elsewhere. It now remains to be seen whether the Russian Guard and the corps from Wilna already crossing the Russian frontier into Roumania, or whether Suleiman's army, will make their presence first effectually felt on the theatre of decisive engagements.

Each of the three generals composing the co-operative society of commanders-in-chief has had weighing upon him an immense responsibility. The position held by Osman Pasha, while full of danger, is too precious to be relinquished without very grave reason. Suleiman Pasha's command contains the best troops, if any are best where all seem to be good. His central situation gave his command, numerically much inferior to that of either of his colleagues, at least an equal importance. Mehemet Ali Pasha has by far the most numerous army; but it is said on good authority that it is made up in large part of new levies and irregulars. It is doubtless in some measure on this account that he has engaged his battles with numbers so inconsiderable as compared with those whom he might, if hard put to it, gather for a decisive engagement. The responsibility he incurred in holding back so long can hardly have escaped him. So far as we can judge at present, he is a general more remarkable for skill and caution than for enterprise. He is credited, however, with possessing much energy, and by all accounts Abdul Kerim had left his command in a state bordering on disorganization, which the new chief has been prompt to remedy. Mehemet Ali's movements have been circumscribed with care. But whenever he has fought he has fought with superior numbers. The operations by which he menaced the enemy, first on the Upper Lom at Ayaslar, then on the Lower Lom at Kadikoi, again in the central course of the stream at Karahassankoi, and finally, by threatening to outflank him on the Upper Lom, compelled the Czarewitch to "draw in his horns," were exceedingly well planned and well executed. The combined movements necessary for carrying them out were, if slowly, yet surely, effected. And these combinations had reference not only to marches and movements, but to the united attack upon an enemy in position, and to manœuvres against his flanks. Moreover, the great object in all drills of the three arms together—namely, to secure united action on appropriate *terrain*—was attained, and infantry, cavalry, and artillery were found in these small, but nevertheless important, engagements affording each other mutual support. This speaks well for both generals and troops.

We now turn to later events. The battle of Karahassankoi was fought on the 30th of August, when the Russian 13th Corps was driven over the Lom. The Czarewitch has hitherto had at his disposition only two complete corps—namely, the 12th and 13th. The 11th, formerly under his command, was detached towards Osman Bazar, and watched the outlets from the Balkans east of the Hain Boghaz Pass. The extent of ground covered by the 12th and 13th Corps was far too great for their numbers. Hence the Turkish generalissimo found means to concentrate in superior strength at every point he attacked. The Russian chief, in retiring from the Lom, gradually lessened the distances separating his divisions. The 11th Corps has been called in by degrees from the Tirnova-Osman Bazar road; and, according to the latest news, the Czarewitch has now three corps, or, more accurately, the remains of three corps, well in hand, the centre of his line being about Biela. The advanced guard of his left wing is a little to the west of Pyrgos prepared to dispute the movement of the extreme right of the Turks by the Rustchuk-Sistova road. It is evident that, unless he is promptly reinforced, he must be very considerably outnumbered.

After the fight of the 30th of August, Mehemet Ali came to a pause. From all accounts there was no little jubilation in the Turkish camps at what was possibly an unlooked-for series of successes. In reality, not very much had been achieved, since there remained so much more important work to do, and work which admitted of no delay. The extent of their satisfaction was the measure of their inability to recognize how much greater things were required of them, and within a very limited time. Or perhaps, to put it more fairly, the Turkish general had not been quite sure how his (in great part) untried troops would acquit themselves in offensive action in the open field; and their ex-

cellent bearing was a legitimate cause for satisfaction. It will not have escaped notice that, in the interval between the first combats and those which took place a week later at Ablava and Kazelevo, the Turkish divisions had been strongly reinforced. And these numbers appear to have been increasing ever since. Why was not the very first onslaught made with this larger force? At Karahassankoi we were told that there took part in the action three divisions, numbering 12,000 men, under their divisional commanders Ahmed Eyoub, Fuad, and Sabit Pashas. Since the battle of Kazelevo, the divisions seem to have expanded into corps d'armée, of which Sabit commands, or did command; the Rustchuk column, Assaf Pasha that of Rasgrad, and Salem that of Eski Djuma. It is the Turks now who are operating on an extended line; but though we will not vouch for the exact accuracy of the numbers assigned to them, we are inclined to agree with a provincial paper which has excellent sources of information and which professes to give the exact number of battalions and squadrons; these give a total of 100,000 men. The *Times* of Thursday, speaking apparently with authority, puts it at even a larger figure. But such a force is by no means too great for the work it has to do, especially if it continues to advance at its present slow rate of progress and so allows time for the Russian Guard to come into action. We learn that the first battalions of these picked troops are already crossing the Danube, and are therefore at an easy distance from Biela. With the force at his disposal, assuming it to be as strong as is represented, the obvious policy of the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army is to lose no time in endeavouring to turn the position at Biela, which has been strongly entrenched. The progress of his left wing is, however, very slow. To judge simply from a study of the map we should have thought that, had Mehemet Ali concentrated his army towards Biela, such a step would have ensured the entire evacuation by the Russians of the Tirnova-Osman Bazar road, without its being necessary to push them back by direct attack.

The entry, if it took place immediately, of Suleiman Pasha on the scene would necessarily complicate the Russian situation. It is not probable that the 8th Corps, or rather that part of it which has hitherto been guarding the Shipka outlet and the detachments of the 5th Corps on the Tirnova-Gabrova road, would be able to withstand the whole army of Suleiman. Their line of retreat is open, since, if Mehemet Ali were in time to interpose between them and the Czarewitch, they could move by Selvi on Lovatza, or by Zelar on either Karaysin or Oderna.

It is fortunate for the opposite side that throughout this campaign neither Turks nor Russians have discovered an exceptionally able general in their ranks. Speaking with diffidence, as being necessarily without many data essential to the formation of a right judgment, we may yet say that rarely was there finer opportunity given for display of generalship than that now offered to the principal Turkish chief. In ordinary times deficiency of transport, badness of roads, inexperience of troops, may fairly be pleaded in justification for short marches and long halts. No one can read the story of Napoleon's campaign of 1814 in Eastern France without perceiving that there are men for whom increasing difficulties are only an additional incentive to extraordinary exertion. Difficulties such as those we have mentioned are often sufficient to procure exculpation by a court-martial; but, unless the most strenuous energy has been directed to overcome them, history will not accept this plea as vindicating the reputation of a general. By the last accounts the first success of Suleiman against Fort St. Nicholas was later on converted into complete failure; and the chances seem against his being able in time to render the least assistance to Mehemet Ali. Should the latter succeed in forcing or turning the position of Biela, he may be the means of introducing Suleiman on the scene. Though we still hear from the Russian side that all in the official world is hope and confidence, and that a renewed assault will immediately be made on Plevna, we are not disposed to place much faith in the assertion. The evident policy to pursue, if Osman Pasha has only 35,000 men left him, as the Russians aver (though this must be much below his real force), is to leave a containing force behind the lines of contravallation of which we have heard so much, and send off every available battalion, squadron, and gun—and the distance is small—to crush, if possible, Mehemet Ali. The danger of an offensive movement is not from the side of Osman Pasha, but from that of Mehemet Ali. And now is the moment for the latter—this leader of 100,000 brave troops—to say to his chief of the staff, "Let four days' bread be put in the men's haversacks, fill their pouches with cartridges—success will replenish both—march."

PLAYING AT RELIGION.

TWENTY years ago, that is to say on the 24th of Gutenberg, in the year 69 of the present era of Humanity, being the third day of Montgolfier week—or, to use the profane reckoning of the Gentiles, on the fifth of September, 1857—Auguste Comte passed away, or, as the vulgar would say, died. Of all the thirteen months of the Positivist year he departed in that consecrated to Modern Industry, of which, whatever his other claims, he was unquestionably a notable example. The month of Comte's "transformation" from real into subjective existence is, with some accidental appropriateness, dedicated to the German inventor of printing, to whose followers in the art of typography Comte, in his time, gave no inen-

considerable employment. The week is that designated by the name of the French inventor of air-balloons; and in this, too, regard being had to the character of Comte's recent speculations, there is a certain fitness. With every returning Gutenberg the disciples of the founder of the Religion of Humanity celebrate the day on which their master passed into that state of subjective immortality to which they too aspire, and entered into renewed existence in the consciousness of Messrs. Pierre Laffitte, Richard Congreve, Frederic Harrison, and E. S. Beesly. They meet at the philosopher's chambers in Paris, at 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, which, in accordance with the directions of his will, have been preserved, we believe, precisely as he left them. Here M. Pierre Laffitte, in the Montgolfier week of last Gutenberg, delivered an address against the materialistic tendencies of modern science. Contemplating the chairs and tables sacred to the memory of the revered founder of the Religion of Humanity, his rapt followers turned their thoughts to that blessed state of non-existence into which Comte has entered; for subjective existence in the phraseology of the Positivist is the equivalent of extinction. To say that Comte still lives means only, in the mouths of his disciples, that other people are alive. He energizes through M. Pierre Laffitte, Mr. Richard Congreve, and their acolytes. The old moon has been cut into little stars, which show traces, we are bound to admit, of their lunar or lunatic origin. M. Comte survives as a sheep converted into mutton may be said to survive in the system of the carnivorous animal who has devoured it. He has now an existence as real as that of a hero of romance—as Don Quixote, or Gulliver, or Hamlet, or Mr. Pickwick. More than this is not involved in the Comtist doctrine of a future life, which Mr. Frederic Harrison has been recently expounding with pious enthusiasm. His disquisitions on this subject, and the edifying denunciations of scientific materialism which accompany them, add nothing to and alter nothing in the master's teaching, and they are perfectly sincere. Pretending to be severely scientific, the religious disciples of M. Comte are in reality effusive and amiable sentimentalists. Mr. Congreve candidly avows that he is without the scientific training which Comte demanded from his priesthood. But though the tactics displayed in Mr. Frederic Harrison's preachments about the soul and the future life, and M. Pierre Laffitte's denunciations of materialism, are quite legitimate, they are not the less tactics. Mr. Congreve some years ago threw out a suggestion that a more considerate and conciliatory tone might be adopted towards the misguided believers in God and Christianity. This hint is being acted on with the zealous obedience of an instruction from the Congregation de Propaganda.

The effect will probably be the reverse of what was intended. The Religion of Humanity, even as it was set forth by Comte, contains within itself the prophecy of its own decline and disappearance. With the phrases of theology the doctrines will follow. Positivists find, as Comte himself did, consolation in talking about the soul and a future life. No doubt they often do so without mentally appending the explanations which reduce both to mere words. At present they draw the line at God; but that line will have to be shifted, and will presently include a Supreme Being in that non-natural sense in which a soul and a future life are now recognized. Words, which are the counters of wise men, are the money of Positivists, and from the word to the conception, and from the conception to the belief, the passage is easy. The very terms "subjective" and "objective," which Comte was constrained to use, with many others, show that, even at its very beginning, Comtism was working its way backwards into that metaphysical stage from which it was to have delivered the world. On that metaphysical basis a theology is sure to be erected. What that theology will be when it is completed it needs no gift of prophecy to discern. Comte, apart from his scientific claims, which were not more than respectable, and his services as an expositor of method, in which he has an honourable rank among the disciples of Bacon and along with Sir John Herschel, Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and we may even add Mr. Jevons—Comte, apart from these titles, was simply a lion's provider of the Church of Rome. M. Pierre Laffitte, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and others, whom we should like as a matter of courtesy to call the young lions, but whom analogy compels us to call the young jackals, of Positivism, are doing their work after their kind. The ritual of Comtism is a burlesque and parody of that of the mediæval Church. It is a queer mixture of puerility and senility, and makes the same impression upon a beholder as the sight of a haggard and worn-out child would do. An infant in its dotage, if such a thing can be conceived, would aptly symbolize it. The process is evident by which the rejection of metaphysics and theology conducts into bad metaphysics and a spurious theology. The Positivist idea of collective humanity, including, as Siender has it, all our successors gone before us and all our ancestors that come after us, stands on the very verge not only of the realism of Plato, but of the more developed realism of the Schoolmen, and lends itself readily to theological conceptions. According to a certain school of divines, of whom the late Mr. Maurice was the heir, the humanity which was blended with deity in the Incarnation was not simply that of the individual Jesus of Nazareth, but the universal Man from whom every human being derives the qualities which make him human. The *grand Etre* of Comte, the idea of collective humanity, is scarcely distinguished in logic from this conception. The worship of humanity will soon complete to the imagination the realistic process; and when the subjective God follows on the subjective future life and the superstitious soul, Positivism, with its ready-made hierarchy, ritual,

and saints, will be ready to be absorbed into that Roman Catholic system out of which it sprang. The conversion of those subjective ideas with which the Comtists are abundantly provided into objective realities is the commonest phenomenon in the history of mankind. The Religion of Humanity is but a translation of Roman Catholic theology into a sham scientific dialect; and from the very first it set about translating itself back again into the original. Its ritual is simply a burlesque of that of the Papal Church. If not all, yet many, roads at the present day lead to Rome; and none more directly than Positivism. It started thence, and it returns thither. We speak, of course, of the Laffitte, and not of the Littré, branch of the Positivist stock. The disciples of Comte may be divided into two classes—those who reject his religion, and those who are ignorant of his science; the pupils of his sanity, and the worshippers of his madness. The philosophic Positivists, of whom M. Littré is the most distinguished, though, as a point of honour and fidelity, they cling to their master's name, are gradually being absorbed into the great body of men of science. They consider that his method was the last and greatest word hitherto said as to the processes of scientific research; and they accept his generalization as to the successive stages of human history and the correlation of the sciences. His humanitarian followers cannot be said to share Comte's later revolt from science, which in him was the consequence of a too exclusive pursuit of it. They have rather an aboriginal distaste for it, and a nearly complete and exhaustive ignorance of it. They are without even the preliminary training which he held to be essential to a judgment of his system, and to the understanding of his method in its social and political applications. So far as our Universities have had anything to do with them, they came from scholarly and metaphysical Oxford, and not from scientific Cambridge; from the schools of philosophy and humanity, and not from those of mathematics and physics.

The fate of Jérôme Paturot always repeats itself, whether he is in search of the best of Republics, or whether, with a more inordinate ambition, he endeavours to reconstruct society and government from its foundations, or upon a false bottom expressly laid for the purpose. The projects of Auguste Comte are destined to share the lot of the projects of the Père Enfantin and of La Révellière Lépaux. Sprightly young men insensibly slide into jaunty middle-aged gentlemen; and still they find the modest apartment of Auguste Comte in the Rue Monsieur le Prince large enough to accommodate all their numbers. Perhaps it is from the inferior material collected by Comte that his youthful disciples remain true to him. It was a tribute to the force of St. Simon and of Père Enfantin that they were able to rally to them men strong enough to break loose from the nets which immeshed their early manhood, and struggling once more into the world to see it as it is and to adapt themselves to it. The middle-aged Positivists are still held fast in the cobwebs in which they were caught as ardent academic youth. It is easy enough to imagine eager and promising young men submitting themselves to a master who affects to have in his hands the key to all theory and the guide to all useful practice. The spectacle which raises a smile when observed in young men of twenty-five raises a smile, but not precisely the same kind of smile, when it is witnessed in men of fifty or thereabouts. It is painful to see among us the voluntary prisoners of a shallow creed and discipline, men who at the outset of their career have shut themselves up in a system, and refuse to perceive anything that cannot be looked at from its windows or the chinks in its walls. Older organizations, such as those on which the polity and religion of Positivism model themselves, count upon the forces which govern the world. They are imposed by history and sanctioned by tradition. The prisoner is held within them by very real bonds. Like the starling in the fable, he can't get out. But the captive of Comtism is restrained by nothing better than the charlatanism of the conjuror's wand and magic circle. He is simply electro-biologized. The superstition is dying out. The disciples of Positivism, of the social and religious Positivism, while too weak themselves to secede, are not strong enough to attract other men. The Atheophilanthropism of Auguste Comte, with its mock soul, its subjective immortality, and its semi-realistic Great Being, a sort of abstract Man-God, will do the work and share the fate of the Theophilanthropism of La Révellière Lépaux, which had its high priest, its temples, its liturgy, its symbolic worship, and its service of humanity. As it helped to prepare the way for the Roman Catholic restoration in France, so Positivism, so far as it affects thought and conduct at all, is assisting the Roman Catholic revival in France and England. In it Ultramontaniam has a true, if a feeble, ally. In its worship of the dead, its festivals of the animals, of fire, of the sun, and of iron, in its thanksgivings to our mother the earth, to space, and the solar system, it has, of course, its pagan side. There are in it the elements, if the medium were favourable, of a reversion to fetishism and polytheism. But these tendencies are not likely to have time to work themselves out before the Positivist Church finds itself absorbed in the Church of Rome.

MARATHÓN.

THE visitor to Athens, even if he has not time to examine every historic spot in Attica, must at least visit the most historic spot of all, the spot where it was fixed that Attica should remain Attica and that Europe should remain Europe. Mr. Lowe,

we may well believe, stands alone in looking on the fight of Marathon as a matter of small importance, because the day which fixed the destiny of the world saw only a comparatively small amount of slaughter. Mr. Lowe of course really knows better; but there are those who really seem not to know better, those who measure things only by their physical bigness, and cannot take in either their results or their moral greatness. There has often been far more blood shed to decide which of two Eastern despots should have the mastery than was shed to decide that Europe should not fall under the dominion of Eastern despots. Never surely did the future fate of the world hang in the same way on the will of a single man as when the arguments of Miltiades won over the Polemarch Kallimachos to give his vote for immediate battle. That vote was, as it were, the very climax of European constitutional life. All rested on the voice of one man, not because all authority was vested in one man, but because it was vested in many. When the ten generals were equally divided, Kallimachos gave the casting vote, and Europe remained Europe. It is inconceivable that, if Athenian freedom had been then crushed when it was still in its first childhood, the course of the world's history could have been what it has been. Enslaved Greece could never have been what free Greece was. Athens and Megalopolis could have been no more than an Ephesos or Milētos. It may well be that, even if the Eastern peninsula had been rent away from the Western world, the central peninsula might still have stood its ground. The barbarian might still have been checked, and checked for ever, by the hands of Romans or Samnites or Lucanians. The Roman power might still have been spread over the world; the Teuton and the Slave might still have come to discharge their later mission within the Roman world; but a Roman world untutored by Greece could never have been what the Roman world of actual history was and is. The men who fought at Marathon fought as the champions of every later generation of European man. If on the akropolis of Mykēnē we feel that we have some small share, the share of distant kinsmen, in the cradle of the oldest European civilization, the subject of the oldest European literature—so, as we stand on the barrow of the 192 who died at Marathon, we feel that we have a nearer claim, the claim of men who come on pilgrimage to the resting-place of men who died that European lands and European men should be all that they have been.

In fact, on the plain of Marathon the famous saying of Johnson becomes clothed with a fuller meaning than its author is likely to have thought of. "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon." The saying is true, if we think merely of association, of example, of analogy. But it becomes true in a higher sense, if we look on the day of Marathon as being all that it truly is, as having fixed, not only the destiny of Athens, but the destiny of Europe. And we may look on that spot from another point of view, less wide indeed than this, but wider than that which looks on it simply as the scene of a single event of the year 490 before our era. Even setting aside the event which has made Marathon famous with an undying fame, Marathon would still have a considerable history, mythical and real—a history some chapters of which come within the memory of many of us. We must remember that, besides the view which looks on Greece as being almost in her first youth on the day of Marathon, there is another view which looks on Greece as being then already in her decline. The one view is true, if we think only of Athenian democracy, of Athenian art, of Athenian poetry; the other view is no less true in the general history of the Greek nation. When the fight of Marathon was fought, the bondage of the Greek nation had already begun; the work which was ended by Mahomet the Conqueror had been already begun by Croesus and Cyrus. Asiatic Greece was already enslaved; the fight of Marathon was fought in order that European Greece might not be enslaved like it. And it may flash across the minds of some who tread the plain of Marathon that the fight which Miltiades waged there in the cause of Hellenic freedom was not the last fight which has been waged on the same ground in the same cause. On that same plain, where the Athenians of one age fought to save Greece from coming under the yoke of the Persian, the Athenians of another age fought to free enslaved Greece from the yoke of the Turk. The modern fight of Marathon, the fight of July 1824, hardly ranks among the great events of the War of Independence, as its leader certainly does not rank among the purest heroes of the War of Independence. Yet when Gouras smote the janissaries of Omar of Karystos on the same ground on which Miltiades had smitten the hosts of Datis and Artaphernēs, to an eye which takes in the whole range of Grecian and European history the fact has something more about it than mere association, than mere coincidence. The two fights of Marathon were in truth only two stages in one long tale, the tale of the undying struggle between civilization and the freedom of the West and the barbarian despotism of the Eastern world.

Marathon, like Eleusis, gives us the usual lesson in Greek geography, and makes us better understand the greatness of that wonderful change which fused all the towns of Attica into a single commonwealth. We see at once that Marathon—the name was, at least in later use, extended to the whole Tetrapolis—was, no less than Eleusis, designed, according to the common laws of Greek political geography, to form a separate state, distinct from Athens. Indeed it is more thoroughly cut off than Eleusis. In the view from the akropolis, Pentelikos altogether hides the Marathonian plain; while, though Eleusis is actually kept out of sight by Aigaleōs, Kithairōn and the other greater heights beyond it suggest the existence of the Thriassian plain. Marathon therefore, naturally

enough, has a long mythical history distinct from that of Athens. Not only Theseus, but Hēraklēs and the Hērakleidai figure in it; and legend tells of a fight of Marathon earlier than either of those which history records. Hēraklēs remained in historical times the chief object of local worship, and it was by his sanctuary that the Athenian host encamped before what we suppose we must call the second battle. Athēnē too, as on other spots of Attic soil, was not without her temple by the marsh. Marathon does not appear in the Catalogue any more than Eleusis, and for the same reason as Eleusis. But its name appears in the *Odyssey* in a passage which may suggest some geographical reflections:—

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
Πόρτον ἐπ' ἀπύργον· λίπε δὲ Σχερίην ἐρατεινὴν
Ἴκετο δ' ἐς Μαραθῶνα καὶ εὐρύαιον Ἀθήνην,
Δύνε δ' Ἐρεχθίδος πυκνὸν δάμον·

If Scherî really be Corfu, this may seem a most unexpected route to Athens; and yet it is hardly more wonderful than the route by Syra by which the modern traveller often actually goes. In history the first appearance of Marathon is when Peisistratos lands there on his return from exile. The second is when the son of Peisistratos led the Persian host thither, as a fitting place for the use of the cavalry which after all they seemed not to have used. No battle in history has been more minutely examined, and that in some cases by men who united technical military knowledge with a thorough knowledge of the country. Colonel Leake, to mention only one inquirer, has done all that the union of both qualities could do, though one is amazed at his constantly referring to Herodotus as a contemporary writer. And yet, after all his labours, after all the labours of Mr. Finlay and others, everybody complains that the narrative of Herodotus is unsatisfactory. The comments of Dean Blakesley strike us as among the most acute that have been made. One may doubt whether Herodotus had ever been there; he certainly shows no knowledge of the ground. He makes no mention of the marshes which form so marked a feature in the character of the Marathonian plain. The marshes lie between the sea and the fighting-ground, as the fighting-ground lies between the marsh and the mountains. The marsh is not only not mentioned by Herodotus, but his account seems almost inconsistent with its existence. But Pausanias saw the picture in the Poikilē which showed the Persians falling into the marsh. It is like appealing to the Bayeux Tapestry from the later accounts of the battle of Senlac. Pausanias, though he lived so many ages after, was in this way really nearer to the time than Herodotus. The picture commemorated the fact; Herodotus tells the story as it had grown up a generation later. By that time, as Dean Blakesley says, the story had come under the operation of the law by which "popular tradition rapidly drops all those particulars of a battle which evince strategic genius, and substitutes for them exaggerated accounts of personal bravery." Miltiades, as a good general, took advantage of the ground, and largely owed his success to the nature of the ground. Popular tradition made everything be done by sheer hard fighting.

In short, almost every detail of this memorable fight seems shrouded in uncertainty. It is hard to fix the exact position of either army, and the very name of Marathon has perhaps shifted its place. The site of the old town seems quite as likely to be, not at the modern Marathon, but, as Colonel Leake puts it, at Brana. Yet, amid all this doubt, there is essential certainty. Of the work that was done that day, of the general site, there is no doubt, and most living and speaking monument of all is there to bear its witness. We stand, not, as the poet puts it, on the Persians' grave, but on the mound which covers the ashes of the men of Athens who fell that day. Within the space between the bay with its blue waters and the hills which fence in the plain, the fate of Europe was fixed. We stand on the mound; the eye passes over the hills, from Probalinthos to the cape of Kynosoura. We look on the older and the newer candidate of the name of Marathon; we look on the hill where older legends fixed the home of Pan, and where the later name of Drakonera speaks of some older or later dragon myth. And we know that it was within these bounds that the might of Asia was broken by the force of two Hellenic cities. And standing on that mound, instead of dreaming, as the poet dreamed in the days of enslaved Greece, we may call to mind how, in the cycle of human things, another triumph of Europe over Asia was won on the same spot. And if there be, as other poets tell us, two special voices which call to freedom, no spot could be better chosen for the work that was done there than the Marathonian plain. Once that land was said to be

Unchanged in all except its foreign lord.

Now the foreign lord is gone, and for the rest no change is needed. The mountains are there, the sea is there, and, almost as imperishable as themselves, the mound of the fallen heroes is there also. At no great distance from the mound, some stones remain which are held to mark the separate monument of the leader of that day's battle. Standing there, by the grave of Miltiades, we think of that day only. On the plain of Marathon, we will not think either of Paros or of Chersonēsos.

While we write, perhaps no inopportune moment, the news comes that Greece has lost the last and the noblest of her later heroes. The man of other times in whom all his countrymen trusted—the man before whom the chiefs of contending parties could lay their jealousies aside—is taken away from his country in the moment of her utmost need. One tie which binds us to the past is rudely snapped, when the last of the heroes of the past, the last of the ἡμῶν

ὅταν γένος ἀνθρώπων, passes away from the work to which his country had again called him. After a life of ninety years and more—a life in which the severest of censors, whose scourge spared neither Greek nor Englishman, could not find a single flaw—the hero of the fire-ships is no more. The name of Constantine Kanarés is added to the same roll of departed worthies as Mianoulés and Botzarés, as Church and Hastings. And in the long list of men who for so many ages have done honour to the Hellenic name, among the chosen few whose glory no speck tarnishes, along with Phormión and Kallikratidas, men of his own calling and his own element, the pen of history will engrave no nobler name than the name of him who has just gone, of him who has as truly died in the service of his country as if he had fallen fifty years back, like Kynaigeiros himself by the shore of Marathón.

THE "NEW COMMUNION."

A document curious even in this age of sensational programmes has come into our hands from some unknown quarter, which must evidently be read in connexion with sundry mysterious announcements, inserted from time to time during the last summer in a fashionable weekly contemporary, of the "New Communion." It was darkly intimated by that high religious authority that a scheme was afloat which would provide a panacea for the grave ecclesiastical anomalies introduced, or rather consummated, by the Public Worship Regulation Act. It was comparatively a trifle that a translation of the *Sarum Missal* was in preparation, and that forms of unimpeachable orthodoxy, based on a comparison of Eastern and Western ritual, would be provided for the due administration of all the seven Sacraments. Perfect formularies required an even more perfect hierarchy. The Society was to be governed by Bishops about whose valid consecration no question could be raised either at Rome or at Constantinople, and whose primate would derive his title from an older see than Canterbury—presumably therefore from Caerleon; while an odd hint was thrown out that in order to avoid conflicting jurisdictions the consecration was to take place on the high seas, we trust in calm weather. And we were promised fuller and more authentic information after a short interval. The official programme has now appeared, authenticated by the names—we mean the Christian names—of the three Chief Superiors of the "Order of Corporate Reunion." And we may assume that we shall only be carrying out their own wishes in giving such publicity as lies in our power to a scheme which professes no lower aim than to exhibit in action the perfect ideal of Catholicism without any of the drawbacks or abuses which, it is implied, more or less mar the perfection of every existing branch of the Catholic Church. We shall best put our readers in possession of the views of these new claimants on their religious allegiance by subjoining a brief summary of the high-sounding prospectus—we beg pardon "Pastoral"—which they have addressed to "the Faithful in Christ whom These Presents may concern," and which bears the majestic *imprimatur* of "Thomas, by the Favour of God, Rector of the Order of Corporate Reunion, and Pro-Provincial of Canterbury; Joseph, by the Favour of God, Provincial of York, in the Kingdom of England; and Laurence, by the Favour of God, Provincial of Caerleon, in the Principality of Wales, with the Provosts and Members of the Synod of the Order."

The document begins with deploring the present evil condition of the National Church, which after "a long course of change, usurpation and revolution," has at length been "given up, as it were, bound hand and foot, and blindfolded, into the toils of her enemies," so that "the crisis which has long been impending is now upon us." A brief historical review follows of the fortunes of the English Church "from the Divine mission of our Apostle, St. Augustine," to the present day, with special reference to the successive encroachments of the civil power at and since the Reformation. After the savage persecution of the Tudor age came the "riot, blasphemy, and general wickedness of the Great Rebellion," when "the altar was thrown down, the monarch brought to the block, and the Primate of all England martyred"; while the Revolution of 1688 brought still more serious troubles on the Established Church. And then came the eighteenth century with its advancing "tide of Erastianism or modern Herodianism." The religious reaction of the present century is next noticed, which however only produced more violent opposition, till at last "every vestige of distinct corporate entity has utterly disappeared from the Church," as is shown in the method of electing and confirming Bishops, of erecting and subdividing sees and appointing to them by Royal Letters Patent, in the scandalous Oath of Homage taken by Bishops on appointment, and above all in the Public Worship Regulation Act. Against all and each of these and other intrusions and interferences of the civil power, past and present, it is a Christian duty to protest. And accordingly we have a general protest against the abuse of the Royal Supremacy, and a particular protest against various detailed grievances, from which we extract the following passage:—

In particular, we protest against the mode of the appointment of Bishops, whereby their due election and confirmation are degraded to a sacrilegious pretence; against the division of dioceses, as well as against the appointment of Bishops to new dioceses, by Royal Letters Patent alone. We also protest against the mode of erection of certain colonial dioceses, and the manner and custom of appointment thereto. We likewise protest against

the scope, terms, and language of the unauthorized Oath of Homage taken by Bishops in their appointment; against the tolerated neglect and carelessness which still prevail in the mode of the administration of Baptism; against the disuse of Chrism in Confirmation, and inadequate form for the administration of that Sacrament now in use within the Church of England; as well as against the total abolition of the apostolic practice of Anointing the Sick with Oil,—by which every baptized person is curtailed in his spiritual privileges, and robbed at the hour of death of an important part of his rightful heritage. Many persons heretofore have lamented the loss of this last-named Sacrament: We, by the favour of God, are now enabled to restore it. Against the complete abrogation of spiritual discipline amongst the clergy and laity we likewise protest; by the continued neglect and abeyance of which, the lament officially made year after year in the Communion Service for Ash Wednesday becomes an empty and hypocritical form of words. We furthermore solemnly and unhesitatingly protest against the toleration allowed to the State clergy of imparting the nuptial benediction to the shameful concubinage of divorced persons. And finally, we protest against the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the reference of appeals in spiritual causes to the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

It is also Our duty to protest against the scheme and system of Board Schools, for the support of which all are forcibly compelled to contribute by public rates, but from which Schools the Christian Religion is deliberately and of purpose excluded; where, moreover, children instructed in the said Schools, but untaught their duty to God and man, are thus publicly led to despise and ignore the Revelation of God in Jesus Christ, to the obvious disparagement of that Revelation, and the consequent dishonour of its Divine Author; to the grave and increasing detriment of public morals, and to the great danger of the Crown and commonwealth.

To these protests is subjoined an appeal to the authority of the Seven General Councils, received by East and West alike, and of "the next free General Council of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, lawfully and canonically assembled."

It will naturally be presumed that a body so entirely guiltless of any Protestant leanings does not content itself with protests. The "Order of Corporate Reunion" has been organized for action, not for words, it being deemed that the time has now at last come for practical measures. "We affirm that, in the Providence of God, the evil itself has opened the door to a remedy, inasmuch as the English Bishops have now formally abdicated all spiritual jurisdiction, and, having appealed unto Cæsar, to any other than Cæsar, themselves being judges, they can no longer go." Henceforth no obedience is due to them but what can be enforced by law:—

Therefore, in the Name of God the Trinity, and under the patronage and protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Augustine of Canterbury, We have solemnly and formally associated ourselves together in the Order of Corporate Reunion, promising a true and hearty allegiance to Our chosen Superiors in the said Order, and to one another, in accordance with the Constitutions of the same, now or hereafter to be determined on by lawful authority. We make this free and voluntary submission for our own common use, benefit, and protection; believing it to be the only means at present reserved to Us of contending against the grave and complicated evils which exist and which threaten to overwhelm us. And, in thus associating ourselves together, we solemnly take as the basis of this our Order the Catholic Faith as defined by the Seven General Councils, acknowledged as such by the whole Church of the East and the West before the great and deplorable schism, and as commonly received in the Apostles' Creed, the Creed of Nicea, and the Creed of St. Athanasius. To all the sublime doctrines so laid down, We declare our unreserved adhesion, as well as to the principles of Church constitution and discipline, set forth and approved by the said Seven General Councils. Furthermore, until the whole Church shall speak on the subject, we accept all those dogmatic statements set forth in common by the Council of Trent and the Synod of Bethlehem respectively, with regard to the doctrine of the Sacraments.

The conditions and method of enrolment into the Order and the duties of membership are then explained, Nonconformists among others being specially invited to join it; and a notification is added which strikes us as a little incongruous in the midst of a solemn religious manifesto. "The means of communication between Our members will be at Our Central Office in Westminster, where the literary Serial of Our Order will from time to time be published." It is certainly the first time we remember to have heard of a religious Order or Communion having a "central office" or a "literary serial," and the odd intermixture of sacred and secular ideas almost recalls the famous resolution of a religious debating Society at Oxford of strictly Anglican principles, "That the interference of St. Augustine with the English Church was uncatholic, unconstitutional, and uncalled for." The programme concludes with a notice of "certain objections which might very reasonably arise to the principles and action of this Our Order," as e.g. that it quietly supersedes and ignores the authority of the existing episcopate. To this it is replied, as before, that the Bishops have themselves deliberately surrendered their whole spiritual authority to the State, and as the State Courts "enjoin nothing save in certain buildings and under certain circumstances"—namely, in consecrated or licensed churches—no regard need be paid to their directions elsewhere. And as for the Convocations of Canterbury and York, "they have not raised their voices to defend Catholics, and now, in accordance with an admitted law of nature, Catholics have been eventually driven to defend themselves." Still, on the great principle of having as well as eating their cake, these gentlemen, with a crafty ingenuity which cannot be fully appreciated without studying their document, shape their proposals with the intention of saving to their followers the continued enjoyment of the good things of the Establishment. No man can easily be a member of two churches, but "Church" and "Order" may be conceived as co-existing.

We have said that the Christian names only are given of the authorities of the New Communion. An exception must however be made in the case of the "Notary Apostolic" who certifies the authenticity of this particular copy of the document, and who signs

himself "Adrian de Helte." But it is a little perplexing to find that, whereas the document itself is stated to be "drawn up, approved, ratified, confirmed, and solemnly promulgated in the divinely-protected City of London, on the Eighth Day of September, being the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, Saint Mary," the certificate of the Notary Apostolic that this is a true copy is dated "August 15"—more than three weeks before the document was drawn up. Our readers will probably have asked themselves by this time what it all means, and there we really cannot profess to enlighten them. With some of the remarks in this strange manifesto on the present condition of Church matters, especially as regards the Public Worship Act and its results, many High Churchmen will theoretically more or less agree; but as to the remedy proposed they will perhaps feel tempted to exclaim, *Obscurum per obscurius*. The Anglican Bishops may or may not derive their spiritual jurisdiction from the civil power, but from what conceivable source in heaven or earth do these Rectors, Provincials, Pro-Provincials, and Notaries Apostolic derive theirs? Canterbury they ignore; Geneva they despise; are they recognized at Rome, or Constantinople, or Moscow? Of their orders we can say nothing, as it does not appear from the manifesto whether they claim the episcopal or even the priestly character or not, except indeed that they distinctly profess their readiness to administer the sacraments of Confirmation and Extreme Unction, and may therefore be presumed to be prepared to administer other sacraments also. So, after all, we cannot help those whom "These Presents may concern," and who have a right to ask for some clearer explanation than has yet been vouchsafed of this novel, but somewhat startling, not to say audacious, proposal for supporting the world on the tortoise, while leaving the identity of the tortoise to be taken on trust.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

EVERY year there are one or two fatal accidents to climbers on the Alps, and one has recently occurred on the Lyskamm (Zermatt), at a point very near that where Mr. Hayman and his companions fell into a crevasse last September. Two English barriaters, Mr. W. A. Lewis and Mr. W. H. Paterson, left the Riffl Hotel at 2 A.M. on Thursday, September 6, with three guides. As they did not return that evening, a search-party, including over twenty guides, started the next day to see what had become of them, thinking that probably they had gone down on the Italian side; and next evening they returned with the news that all the missing band had perished, owing, as it was supposed, to the giving way of a cornice of snow on the edge of the mountain. The five bodies were precipitated a distance of, it is calculated, 3,000 or 4,000 feet, and death is assumed to have been instantaneous. A heavy storm prevented the search-party, though so large, from bringing down the bodies, which it would have been very difficult to do on account of the pass over which they had to be carried being very high and steep; but they have since been recovered. Mr. Paterson is stated by his uncle to have been an experienced Alpine traveller, and he adds, "I forbear to state the conclusion I draw from the fact that so-called 'unforeseen' and 'unavoidable' accidents so frequently happen to cautious, experienced, and well-appointed mountaineers." The same character no doubt applied to Mr. Paterson, who nine years ago was stroke in his College Eight at Oxford. As to Mr. Lewis, there is some doubt whether he was equal to the ascent, being somewhat stout and without experience in such work. The guides were three brothers, named Nicholas, Johann, and Peter Joseph Knubel; and a correspondent of the *Times* has certified that two of these, Nicholas and Joseph, were with him in July last year, and showed great skill and caution, no Zermatt guides being more familiar with the Matterhorn and other mountains in that quarter. On the other hand, there have been reports that they were not guides of the best kind, and it would be a proof of this if they really led their party over a cornice of snow. On this point, however, it has been questioned whether there was such a cornice, and whether the disaster was not produced by the accidental fall of one of the party who pulled the rest after him. It is also said that there were signs of fresh snow coming, and the storm of next day would seem to suggest that the weather was not suitable. It is probable that the precise cause of the disaster will never be accurately known, the whole party having perished.

It will be observed that when accidents of this kind occur there is usually a disposition to blame those who suffer from them for their recklessness and temerity; and no doubt there is a line to be drawn between what may and what may not be reasonably attempted in such cases with regard to safety. Last year, in dealing with the lamentable accident at Zermatt, we pointed out that no argument could be based on the simple fact either that an ascent of an Alpine mountain had been safely accomplished, or that it had been attended with fatal results. And, as an illustration of this view, the case was cited of three Englishmen who went up the Matterhorn by themselves, without guides, and came down again all right. They were, however, practised mountaineers, who knew the necessity of care and caution, and the proper tests to take in order to ascertain whether their ground was safe, and they trusted to their own courage and judgment. It does not follow, however, either that, because this feat was performed successfully, it should be recommended for general imitation, or that, if it had led to an accident, it should have been condemned as an act of

wanton foolhardiness. As a rule it is better, of course, that climbers, however skilled, and with however good nerves, steady heads, and vigorous muscles they may be gifted, should have guides who are acquainted with the track to a summit, and know the dangerous bits to avoid, even by a tedious circuit. But, at the same time, there are also men who are quite entitled by their strength and experience to undertake the task on their own independent responsibility. Such accidents are no doubt very sad and much to be deplored, not only by relatives, but by those who think that the world loses something when a brave, stout-hearted man is killed in this way. But it is going too far to say that exercises of this kind should be discouraged or blamed because they are at times apt to turn out badly. With proper training, the requisite physical qualities, and due precautions, the climbing of steep and rugged mountains is not necessarily more perilous, or attended with more disasters, than shooting, hunting, or swimming; and it has a valuable influence as a part of masculine training which is perhaps somewhat underrated in these days when there is apparently a growing sentimental sensitiveness about physical suffering, as if the capacity for facing this were not an essential element in a manly race. The exhilaration of the sensation of climbing a difficult height requiring that spirit and resolution which makes light of fatigue, hardship, or danger in carrying out a purpose, is one of the great pleasures of Alpine work, and also one of the qualities the development of which has done more for Englishmen than almost anything else. It may be said that, after all, the world is no better for such feats, which only concern the persons who perform them; but, if these gain by the discipline and temper thus cultivated, the world is a gainer too.

It would be a great pity, therefore, if Alpine climbing or any other trying, and on occasion dangerous, sport, should fall into discredit. At the same time it is certainly desirable that such exercises should be practised with caution and discretion. The possibility of accidents being absolutely provided against is out of the question, and they must always be taken into account. The weather may change; an avalanche, the breaking in of an unperceived crevasse, or the giving way of a cornice of snow not strong enough to bear the weight of a party, or the chance slip of one of the number on the edge of a precipice, may occur without warning, and are very terrible in their consequences. But, in a general way, Alpine climbing does not necessarily involve excessive risks, and ought not to be condemned on that account. The great thing is that men who indulge in it should understand the conditions on which safety can usually be obtained; and one or two rules were suggested on this point in the article on this subject which appeared in our pages last year. For instance, everything depends on the state of the weather, which should always be considered carefully, and its slightest monitions attended to; for even the safest passes become dangerous in a mist, or when the snow is soft and loose, and perhaps lying on an angle of ice. In the Zermatt accident of last year, the guides found that the weather, which was fine and promising when they started, afterwards became misty, and they ought then to have given the signal for returning and awaiting a more favourable day; and caution in this respect can hardly be carried too far. It may be that the weather will clear up before long, but it is wise to halt and see what may happen. This is, indeed, one of the first and most important principles of the mountaineer's craft. In the case at Lyskamm there would seem to be some ground for suspecting that there may be room for a similar explanation. Moreover, the composition of a party, including both tourists and guides, should be carefully considered, and no weak or incompetent members admitted. As a rule, the guides in Switzerland are fairly intelligent and efficient; but they are a mixed body, and many of them, though good enough in a subordinate position, are not to be trusted with the command of a party. It is very much to be desired that the corps of guides could be organized in a more satisfactory manner, with distinct grades, and under specific rules as to the conduct of their operations and the supervision of a competent head; and it would be well if the Alpine Club would give their attention to this matter.

THE EARLDOM OF MAR.

THE number of people born great at the present day is very small. Hereditary offices are now nearly confined to kings and princes. In social life an earl, or even a duke, is only relatively great; and many peers bearing illustrious names are quite overshadowed in their own counties by wealthy commoners. It is long since our English lords ceased to wield any special power in the State apart from their united action in the Upper House. In Scotland many feudal institutions lingered later, and the official position of an earl before the two risings was more like that of a German prince now. To be the possessor of one of the great titles was to be a commander of soldiers, to be a member of the Government, to be a power in the State which had to be counted upon in all political schemes. The incumbent, so to speak, of a certain earldom was, on account of his birthright, credited with gifts which made him a statesman and a soldier, even if he was really little better than an idiot. There is a curious illustration of this fact in Lord Stanhope's account of the events of 1715. General Witham, a comparatively experienced officer, was superseded in command of the defensive forces by the Duke of Argyll, not because the Duke was more likely to gain a victory from his talents, but because he was Duke of Argyll. In the same

way, when the notoriously incapable and silly Earl of Mar declared for the Chevalier, there seems to have been no question but that he was the fittest person in the world to command the troops, and in the famous lines in the "Art of Sinking in Poetry," Dalhousie is exalted as "Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar." The subsequent failure of the enterprise was probably as much owing to the greater incompetence shown by the Earl than by the Duke as to any other cause. It seems almost incredible to us that what we should talk of as "mere rank" could give a man so important a position. In England we may boast that such a practice has not obtained since the days of Henry VIII. Yet in our own time the foreman of the grand jury and the high sheriff are selected, not because they are clever or experienced in county business, but because they happen to represent the landed interest in the county, though as a fact the class which most covets the shrievalty is that of the *nouveaux riches*, who desire to place themselves by a short cut alongside of hereditary magnates. But a hundred and seventy years ago, in Scotland, to hold the Earldom of Mar was to hold an official position analogous to that in England of an archbishop or a field marshal. In the fourteenth century an Earl of Oxford or Warwick wielded a great military force by the accident of birth, apart from his personal qualifications; and what the wars of the Roses did for England in this respect the risings of 1715 and 1745 did for Scotland. We have private gentlemen among us who bear the titles of some of the leaders in the wars of the Roses; but, granted a seat in Parliament, a grocer's son has as good a chance as an earl of becoming Prime Minister. The debate of last Session on the Mar peerage, and the recent Report of the Committee, bring out some of these contrasts with curious distinctness. The Kings of Scotland granted the Earldom as our Queen would grant the government of an important colony. It was not conferred merely to make a man's wife and daughters "my ladies." It was more like the constabship of a castle under our Angevin kings, which sometimes carried a peerage with it, and always a certain amount of military influence. The office was usually hereditary, and was often held in the succession by females. So, too, it was sometimes resumed by the crown, and regranted. The Earldom of Mar gave its importance successively to Douglases and Drummonds, to Stuarts and Erskines. It was no doubt hereditary, though often forfeited, and during forfeiture entrusted to various families. It was granted and resumed, inherited and resigned, over and over again. When Queen Mary in 1565 gave that old well-known thing, the earldom in question, to Lord Erskine, a man who happened to be the representative in the female line of the original holder, it is probable that nobody concerned could have anticipated the occurrence of such a question as that which has now been argued. That an earldom should continue to exist without land, without tenants, without political influence, without military power, never entered their minds. That the Earldom of Mar should carry no rights or privileges except that of bearing the shadow of a great name, and of voting occasionally at an election of peers which had no existence till there was no longer a King of Scots but in his place a King of Great Britain, was as improbable as it is now that a man should claim the title of Governor-General of Canada or be born a colonel.

The present position of the Mar peerage question may be briefly stated. The House of Lords decided in 1875 that the Earl of Kellie had made good his claim to an Earldom of Mar created by Queen Mary for his paternal ancestor, Lord Erskine. The circumstances of the contest were that an Earl of Mar (son of the one restored in 1824), who also enjoyed the more modern Earldom of Kellie, and was an Erskine, had died a few years previously. On his death his paternal cousin succeeded to the Earldom of Kellie, and was father of the successful claimant, while his sister's son, Mr. Goodeve (who added the surname of Erskine), was everywhere accepted as Earl of Mar until the decision in the House of Lords, which was intended to negative Mr. Goodeve Erskine's right to any higher appellation. There the matter might be supposed to rest, but for the fact that previously to this decision no such creation had been recognized; that Queen Mary was supposed to have formally restored to Lord Erskine the title to which he was the rightful heir; and that the precedence which the Mar title bears on the Union Roll is much higher than 1565. No doubt the House of Lords is perfectly competent to declare that Queen Mary created a title in 1565, or 1865, or any other year it may like to name; but as another claimant exists, who assumes to be the heir of the old earldom and to stand in precisely the same position with respect to it that Lord Erskine occupied when he received Queen Mary's grant, the question now to be decided is whether this older earldom also exists. We have endeavoured to state this question in ordinary language, divested as much as possible of the strange phraseology in which our Scottish brethren rejoice; and we may therefore not have put it with judicial exactness. But for our present purpose it is sufficiently near the actual case. Mr. Goodeve Erskine claims to vote as Earl of Mar when that title is called in its order on the Roll. His position is not altered, he asserts, because the House of Lords has pronounced that on a certain occasion Queen Mary created a title which happens to bear the same name. He descends, so he avers, from the original family who held the earldom from "an era before history begins." He undoubtedly has reason on his side in asserting that two peerages may exist by the same title; but this seems to have exercised the minds of some of the Lords, and even of members of the Committee. Whether Mr. Goodeve Erskine makes out his

claim or not, this is not the weak point in his case. It is not many years since Lord Courtenay made out his right to the Earldom of Devonshire, though a similar earldom and dukedom existed in the Cavendish family. For convenience sake his title is abbreviated into "Devon," but the old Earls were habitually known by the longer form. There are now as many as five Lords Hamilton, four Lords Grey, five Lords Howard, and four Lords Herbert in the books; and the Scottish peerage offers a far greater anomaly, for the Queensberry title is split between two families. A Scott is Duke and a Douglas Marquess of the same place, and each has the second title of Drumlanrig. Again, the reason why Lord Crawford is not Duke of Montrose of a far anterior creation to that of the Graham titular was not identity of style, but an inconvenient attainer. There is nothing, therefore, against the possibility of there being two Lords Mar, or half-a-dozen Lords Mar, in the same roll.

Although we have cited some English cases as apposite, the difference between the Scotch and English law on the subject of succession to peerages is so great that no argument founded on such cases can be pressed very far. In Scotland the presumption was that a peerage descended, in default of sons, to a peer's eldest daughter. Unless where an express limitation was known to exist in the patent, this rule governed numberless cases of succession. In England, as is well known, the presumption, in the absence of proof, has always been, and is, that a peerage goes to the male heir; and to this rule there is but one exception made—namely, when a barony has been originally created by writ of summons. In this case the daughter succeeds in default of sons, but if there are more daughters than one, the barony goes into a state of abeyance until the Crown determines it in favour of one or other of the co-heirs, or co-heirs of co-heirs, or until in the course of nature a single heir only survives. Lord Crawford, in a letter to the *Times* of the 2nd July, roundly asserts that for some years the Committee of Privileges has sought to apply the English presumption to Scottish cases; and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, has decided that a peerage is limited to male heirs. The application of some such principle has governed the decision in this case, so says Lord Crawford. It can hardly be disputed that the Earldom of Mar did descend to the eldest female heir, not once only but three times or more. And when, in 1824, the earldom forfeited in 1715 was restored to the Erskines, the Act of Parliament, in designating the heir, expressly recited his relationship to his maternal grandfather, the attainted Earl, and called him "the lineal representative." The preamble of an Act does not govern the interpretation; but in this case it shows us how in 1824 the succession was supposed to go, and makes the decision of 1875 the more remarkable. All the evidence adduced went to show that the Earldom of Mar was no exception to the rule governing the succession to other Scottish earldoms; and where there was no direct evidence it might have been supposed that the usual presumption of the Scottish Courts would have been allowed. Indeed the decision of the Committee, by calling into daylight a new creation of 1565 which had never before been seen or heard of, tacitly admits the validity of the rule.

The greatest difficulty before the claimant—if we may so call him, when no formal claim is before the House—will be to prove his right to an earldom which, if it was not territorial, was nothing. Braemar no longer belongs to his family; nor, indeed, to any single family. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, an Irish earl, half-a-dozen other peers, a few baronets, and a full dozen of minor proprietors have divided the lands of the earldom. It is true the Sutherland peerage was of a similar antiquity, and was allowed to the heiress, Lady Elizabeth Sutherland, in 1771, on grounds quite apart from her possession of the estates. In 1848 Lord Balcarres was similarly allowed the earldom of Crawford, also an old territorial title dormant since 1660, and here there were no estates in the question. There are other cases in point, so that the antiquity of the title will not necessarily affect the claim, even though the estates are no longer held together. But of late, again, the Committee of Privileges has shown a repugnance to reviving any ancient titles, and in the Scrope case refused to report in favour of a claim to the Earldom of Wiltshire for the reason, among others, that it had been so long disused. The old Earldom of Mar has not been heard of since the reign of Queen Mary, according to the recent decision. Another difficulty is concerned with the position of Mar in the list of earls. By antiquity, the title ought to stand first—that is, if it is not a new creation by Queen Mary. But if it is a new creation, it ought to stand eleventh, with other titles of the same period. As a fact, it stands neither first nor eleventh, but fourth, and this has been taken by each side in the controversy as a point in its favour. On the side of the antiquity of the actual peerage, it was contended that the date expressed the assumed period of the earliest documentary certainty. Lord Kellie held it to be an argument for his theory that Queen Mary had created a new earldom, and that a special precedence had been granted it on account of its political eminence. The House of Lords has decided in his favour, which may be said to strengthen the argument; but Mr. Goodeve Erskine has, it must be acknowledged, equally good grounds for stating that this precedence is due to the great antiquity of the original earldom; and he adds, with much force, that the Earls of Mar constantly claimed to be at the head of the roll, but that the earls above them held their position either by special patent, as in the case of Angus, or by office, as in that of Errol.

After all, the greatest difficulty is not in the case itself. The

general public is always more interested in peerage cases than in ordinary law proceedings; but the present question has a higher interest than this. It was evident from the brief discussions of last Session that the peers, or at least their Committee of Privileges, considered the question closed by their decision of 1875. Decisions of the House of Lords have almost the validity of Acts of Parliament. Cases in which peerages have been given to the wrong party in a suit are by no means unknown; but they are not invalid. The only question is, whether they do not constitute new titles, and this may be at once decided in the negative, as the House has no creative power. It may decide which of two men is to have a title; and if it decides in favour of the wrong man, its decision strips the other of his rights; but the House has full legal power to do so. In 1627 the barony of FitzAlan and several other titles were fixed to the male line of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, by Act of Parliament, though they had previously descended through heiresses, and were actually inherited from the grandmother of the duke of that day. So, too, in 1604, the House of Lords gave the barony of Abergavenny to the male heir, and that of Le Despencer to the female heir of the same person. There are other cases of the kind; but the spectacle of the House of Lords reviewing its decision has not hitherto been witnessed. If we read the Report of the Select Committee of last July aught, some such spectacle is now to be seen. The Report distinctly states that the Committee had decided in favour of Lord Kellie's claim to the Earldom of Mar, created in 1565, and that it had transmitted its resolution to the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and had directed him to call the name of Lord Mar in its place on the roll of peers of Scotland. It goes on to mention the claim of Mr. Goodeve Erskine, and says, "The ground of such opposition was, that the said Mr. Goodeve Erskine denied that any Earldom of Mar was created in 1565, and alleged that he was entitled as heir of line of Isabel, Countess of Mar, to the Earldom of Mar, which he contended was held by her in her own right in 1404." Finally it so far rescinds its former order that it refuses to make the new order prayed for by Lord Mar and Kellie that the title adjudged to him should be called in its chronological place on the roll. We have seen that it is by no means necessary to believe that two earldoms do not exist; and if the question comes before the House, it may have to decide that Mr. Goodeve Erskine has made out a claim to one of them, just as it has already decided that Lord Kellie has made out a claim to the other. It might perhaps be considered disrespectful to so august a body as the House of Lords to say that its decision in 1875 was against the evidence; but there can be no harm in recording as a fact that it took by surprise everybody conversant with peerage law, and appeared still more curious when the reasons for the decision were read. Lord Redesdale can hardly have been serious when he quoted the postscript of a gossiping letter as evidence strong enough to outweigh the repeated decisions of Lords of Session, and the preamble of an Act of Parliament, to say nothing of the wording of Queen Mary's patent itself. That Lord Kellie can now be deprived of the earldom assumed to have been created in 1565 is of course impossible; but the Committee, in desiring that his name should be called in the old precedence, only raised a fresh question, which they may now find it by no means easy to settle. The assumption that the earldom conferred on the Erskines was their rightful inheritance was repeatedly acknowledged. This fact was expected to go far towards establishing Mr. Goodeve Erskine's claim. The House has gone out of its way to find a new creation of which no record exists, and which has never previously been mentioned, and an arrangement is suggested which some people might think strangely cumbrous, but which, it appears, is the only one open, by which Mr. Goodeve Erskine can have another chance of asserting his rights, real or supposed. Practically the question is brought again before the House; and it may be supposed that Lords Cairns, Redesdale, and Chelmsford, who formed the Committee on the former occasion, and gave the strange decision of February 1875, will be glad if the forms of the House allow the opinions of Lords Selborne, Penzance, Blackburn, and Gordon to be heard either in qualification or confirmation of their own.

A JOINT-STOCK PILGRIMAGE COMPANY (LIMITED).

IT has lately appeared as if the ingenuity of speculative financialists had been exhausted in the production of schemes for relieving a confiding public of superfluous funds. No doubt the general depression of the money market had something to do with this; and it was not at all easy in such dull times to invent a new fly that would sufficiently attract the now wary fish. Even the Post Office and the newspapers had given up all hopes of reviving the large returns which they had derived from the shower of new Companies' circulars, and the display of captivating advertisements. This despondency, however, seems to have been only a temporary collapse. Human inventiveness is by no means so shallow as has been supposed, nor has human credulity altogether disappeared from the world. The clouds had no doubt gathered over this ill-fated field of industry, but there is already a first faint gleam of light on the dark horizon. This has taken the form of what is called "The Hadjiik, or Pilgrimage to Mecca, Syndicate, Limited." From a financial point of view the project is certainly a modest one, for the capital proposed to be raised is limited to the trifling sum of 10,000*l.* in 100 shares of 100*l.* each. It might be imagined

from so moderate a demand that this pilgrimage was some sort of caravan on a limited scale; and this would be the view which any common mind would probably take. Happily, however, financial genius can yet take one of its old flights, and one indeed of unparalleled boldness and grandeur, almost reaching the sublime.

We get this cheering outlook from a "Statement of the objects and advantages of the Syndicate," as explained by the Manager, who is the only promoter who gives his name. It begins by reminding the Western world that "Perform the Pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the solemn commands of Mohammed in the Koran, and that its observance is held binding on all the millions of the human race who practise the faith of Islam." Next, it is propounded that "the great object sought in making the Pilgrimage is to 'ask pardon of God in the first House appointed unto men to worship in,' where Abraham and Mohammed received revelations from heaven; and where, 'whoever entereth therein,' shall, for this life, and that which is about to come, *be safe*."—the italics are not ours but those of the modern apostle of this new outbreak of religious and financial speculation. The writer of this effusive document is not perhaps aware that an English Dissenting minister some years ago endeavoured to solve the problem of "How to make the best of both worlds"; but he has discovered that, "in issuing the paramount injunction just cited, Mohammed appears to have been governed by political and commercial motives in combination with those of a religious nature;" and this combination, especially as regards commerce and religion, is also a conspicuous feature of the present glorious scheme. It ought perhaps to be here explained that Mr. Binney had no thought of propagating the system of his famous predecessor in its peculiar features, such as the enjoyments of a future state. The latter, it is pointed out, "was evidently desirous of making Mecca a central point of union in which all Mohammedans might congregate for the subjugation of the world, and for the acquisition of its material wealth." In order to bring this great idea within the mental range of the most ignorant classes, and even of little boys at schools—indeed, the descriptions in the prospectus smack of Pinnock and Mangnall—it is mentioned that "Mecca, the seat of the Mohammedan theocracy, is a Turkish city, on the western coast of Arabia, about halfway down the Red Sea, from which it is reached through the Port of Jeddah"; and that it "is venerated as the spot upon which Abraham and Ishmael are said to have erected the 'Caaba,' or the first House of God, and which Mohammed adopted as the Temple of all true believers." We have then an account, in the picturesque reporter's style, of the great Court of the Temple, "a large open area in the midst of the city, surrounded by piazzas, enclosed by massive walls, adorned by lofty minarets, and approached by nineteen sacred gates," while "in the centre stands the 'Beit Allah,' the Holy of Holies, covered with rich black damask, embroidered with gold, formerly presented every year by the Khalifa, afterwards by the Sultan of Egypt, and now by the Sultan of Turkey." After the Caaba the chief objects of religious regard are the Stones of Abraham, on which he is recorded to have stood during the building of the Caaba, and on one of which his footprints are stated to be still visible; but the present historian does not favour us with his opinion as to how far the record is trustworthy, and the footprint to be received as genuine. Then "in the neighbourhood of the city are Mount Safa and Mount Merwa, between which Hagar and her son are supposed"—a cautious word—"to have suffered want of water; the Valley of Mina, in which Abraham's faith overcame temptation; and Mount Arafat, where, according to Arabic tradition, Adam repented of his transgression." It may readily be conceived, particularly by readers already impressed by the lofty minarets and the nineteen gates, to say nothing of the footprints of Abraham, that "memorials of this character are held to be of such infinite value that visits to them are not only regarded as acts of filial reverence, but as certain means for obtaining, as declared in the Koran, visitation of God"; thus making things "safe" for the faithful both in this world and the next. "Hence every Mussulman longs for the beatific visions which Mecca is believed by him"—this is also a judicious limitation, as not committing the writer to an assurance of his own belief—"to afford. 'See Damascus, the beautiful,' cried Mohammed, 'and die!'" We are afraid this may rather deter some timid travellers from availing themselves of the facilities for the pilgrimage offered by the Syndicate, unless they console themselves with the second cry of the prophet, "See Damascus, the heavenly, and live; for it is the 'gate of Paradise.'"

The writer of the prospectus, having thus pictured the delights of Mecca, next describes the difficulty of getting there by the present routes, either by land or sea; and he certainly succeeds in drawing a sufficiently horrifying picture. The Egyptian route is from Cairo, across the Desert to Suez, and thence across, first, the "great and terrible wilderness" of North Arabia, and then through "the desolate and dangerous regions" of West Arabia, until at length, after a journey of a thousand miles, Mecca comes in sight; and "the trials to which 'faith' is exposed on this journey" "are," we are told, "almost beyond endurance." "Fatigue kills many. Thirst destroys many more. Ablution and cleanliness are impracticable. The caravan as it toils its slow length along, scorched by the sun, suffocated by the dust, and followed by the famished vulture, is a moving miasma. But the caravan, while it parts with its living load, gets richer as it goes. The treasures of the dead pilgrims swell the money bags and distend the wallets of survivors to an extent which enables the stronger members of the diminished host to devote larger funds to the service of alms, feasts, and sacrifices

in Mecca than would, in weaker hands, have been regarded as prudent or possible." This prospect may perhaps be supposed to be attractive to the more sturdy class of pilgrims, but it can hardly fail to have a strongly deterrent effect on the weaker brethren, and, after all, nobody can know whether or not he may be taken off. The Syrian route from Damascus is also an "extraordinary journey, which for the most part passes between sterile mountain ranges and over immense sandy wastes," and "is not less perilous or less fatal in character than that which sadly distinguishes the Egyptian route." "The sufferings and mortality of the pilgrim exceed in degree those of the average calamities of war, and are only to be matched in the records of famine and pestilence." "The wearied caravan arrives at Mecca despoiled of much of its living freight; and, of the victims who have survived, numbers, weakened by disease, fail to obtain strength for the due observance of the exhausting ceremonies of the holy festival, which consist in rapid marches round the Caaba, runnings between Safa and Merwa, throwing stones at evil spirits, ascents of Mount Arafat, and tumultuous sacrifices of sheep, goats, kine, and camels in the valley of Mina." As to the voyages to Mecca by various routes, they are "mostly undertaken in sailing-vessels, ill appointed and of small capacity, are tedious, dangerous, and in all respects most unsatisfactory."

After these gloomy accounts of the painful and too often fatal experiences of those who follow the various ways which at present lead to Mecca, the poor people who feel bound to go there must be greatly relieved and delighted to find that all difficulties and dangers are to be done away with by the new Company which has taken up the matter, and which promises to supply "for the first time, to the vast 'Midland' populations of the Mohammedan countries, a ready, healthful, and economic approach to Mecca." This is to be accomplished by superseding both the present land and sea routes by a service of steamers from the chief ports of the Mediterranean, which will use the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean. No information is given as to the size and outfit of these vessels, beyond the vague assurance that "arrangements of a most satisfactory character have been made for the comfort and safety of the pilgrims embarking at Mogador, Tangiers, Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Constantinople, Smyrna, &c.," and "other places accessible to Mohammedan populations"; and a casual hint as to buying, or hiring, at "a moderate rate," steamers in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The promoters indulge, as becomes such large-minded people, in sanguine expectations as to the vast multitudes who will thus be attracted to Mecca, having, they say, "ascertained that out of about one million or more who annually contemplate making the pilgrimage to Mecca, but half of whom are deterred from attempting it by the perils of the journey, about three hundred thousand are prepared to accept the advantages of a direct sea route." It is therefore estimated that the number of pilgrims to be carried this year will be not less than 170,000, which, at an average of 7*l.* per head for a return ticket, "would place at the disposal of the Syndicate a gross sum of 1,190,000*l.*, on which the net profit would, it is reckoned, be at the rate of 2*l.* per head, besides gains from freight, and, to a small extent, from the sale of provisions." The day of the Courban Bairam, or Great Feast, on which the pilgrim must be present in Mecca, falls this year on the day which corresponds to our 14th of December, and being a Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, "the coincidence is regarded as an omen of so much good that the approaching assemblage is expected to be of great magnitude and splendour." It will be observed that the charge which the Syndicate professes to take of the pilgrims includes not only conveyance to Mecca, but "assisting them in the conduct of commercial enterprise," and a list is given in the prospectus of the chief exports and imports which are worth trading in. "Such is," we are told at the end of this introduction, "in brief outline, the character and objects of the celebrated Pilgrimage to Mecca and of the steps to be taken for abridging its horrors and promoting the good of which in many respects it is undoubtedly capable. The steam traffic to be established by the Syndicate will every year be a source of larger and augmenting profit, for in proportion to the greater speed and increased convenience of the journey will be the numbers and wealth of those who make it." It is, in fact, the old plan of boiling the peas in the shoes, which no doubt is a great convenience to a pilgrim doing penance; but then the essential part of the penance is the difficulty and hardships of the journey; and the question is whether, if these are got over, the religious duty is properly accomplished. Besides, it may be doubted whether, considering their natural habits, the fact that "ablution and cleanliness are impracticable" in the present system of travelling to Mecca is not regarded as a predominant advantage, not to be sacrificed on any account by the devout pilgrims, who would be simply disgusted by being provided with "a ready, healthful, and economic approach to Mecca."

This prospectus only claims to be "a brief outline," which shows the candour of the promoters. It gives no particulars as to the authority for or the details of the calculations made, as to the kind and quality of the vessels employed, or the officials who are to select these vessels and take the management of the enterprise; nor do we learn anything as to "the incorporation, consolidation, or amalgamation with other Syndicates or Shipping Companies, and the carrying on of all other Commercial and Mercantile Transit Business whatever," except that a certain firm of Jeddah and

London is to have "the conduct of the pilgrimage, under the control of the Syndicate," which, however, does not yet exist. "Only pilgrims," it is announced, "will be carried, and every precaution will be taken to prevent the embarkation of slaves"; but, from the difficulty of identifying slaves, this will be rather difficult to do. The capital is, as we have seen, to be 10,000*l.*, divided into a hundred shares of 100*l.* each, and every member is to have a vote for each 100*l.* he has subscribed. Although there are to be a hundred members, three are enough to form an absolute quorum. It is hoped by the Manager, who signs the prospectus, that "present circumstances afford so many strong assurances of the success which must this year attend a Marine Pilgrimage to Mecca, that no doubt is entertained"—at any rate by the Manager—"of a dividend of at least 50 per cent. per annum being earned for the contributors to the Syndicate." It may be true, though we rather doubt it, that "the numbers of the 'faithful' prevented by the war from going to Mecca will be more than compensated by the greater numbers of those who will this year seek the 'First Temple,' not so much for individual advantage as for the purpose of praying for the safety of the Ottoman Dominions." It is only too probable that the Turks, pious as they are, will think more of rifles, strong fortifications, and general butchery of their assailants than of praying at Mecca for "the safety of the Ottoman Dominions." We have no idea how far the scheme is likely to take in the City, but perhaps subscribers may be picked up at Bethlehem Hospital, Colney Hatch, and Hanwell, if copies of the prospectus are freely distributed at those establishments. It will be noticed that only pilgrims are to be admitted to the vessels of the Syndicate, but there may be some adventurous persons who would very much like to pass themselves off as such, in the hope of getting inside Mecca. Captain Burton accomplished this feat, and from his account of it may be learned all that it is necessary to do. Having already a good acquaintance with Oriental languages, he spent a considerable time in studying Oriental demeanour. He began his journey as a Persian. Once he travelled in a third-class railway carriage as a wandering dervish, with a pea-green box of medicines and a huge cotton umbrella. Then he became a Pathan, born of Afghan parents, and practised as a doctor, making wonderful cures. Afterwards he had the opportunity of lending a descendant of a celebrated saint a few pounds, and received his hospitality and lessons in more stately manners. Other parts of the plan are also candidly revealed by the Captain; but it may be doubted whether there are many who are capable of taking his hints; and it would be good fun, though perhaps dangerous. However, it is now open to any one to try it who likes to do so.

REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

THERE are few institutions on which the realistic tendency of the times in which we live is setting its mark more plainly than on the army. Little by little the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war are being stripped off, and their place usurped by careful preparation and hard practical work. Nor is this to be wondered at. When the very existence of a nation may at any moment depend on the readiness of its army in all its minutest details, not merely to take the field, but to carry out at once the single campaign which may possibly prove decisive for good or evil, there is a natural tendency to discard much which may be agreeable or attractive in time of peace, but which, owing to recent innovations and changes, is unadapted to modern war. Examples have not been wanting to show how little either past glories and renown or present prestige avail in the hour of trial, and how necessary it is that the army of a State which has once committed itself to the arbitrament of the sword should start in the race unencumbered by anything that could uselessly impede its movements, and able to utilize to the full every man in the struggle. Stern necessity has already swept away many time-honoured institutions from our army, while others that yet linger are growing so palpably out of harmony with the spirit of the times that their existence is becoming a matter for question. Among these we would invite attention to regimental colours. A brief comparison between their position in the past and in the present will show how great is the contrast.

In past days and under old conditions of warfare, when movements were slow and troops fought in concentrated order, when the idea of seeking cover in action would have been deemed gross cowardice, and when it was held to be highly unsoldierlike to duck the head to a cannon ball, the colours of a regiment were not merely ornamental on parade, but useful in action. In the roar and turmoil of battle they served as a guide, a rallying point, and an incentive to all ranks. In column or square they were conspicuous in the centre. If the "thin red line" was ordered to attack the foe, it was the colours which gave the direction to the advance, and to which every man in the ranks "touched"; always and everywhere in the forefront of the fray, they were an object of jealous solicitude alike to colonel and drummer, and the very embodiment of those essentially British qualities, order, solidity, and cohesion. So much for the colours as they were; let us now look at them as they are. While armies are still organized as heretofore in battalions of about a thousand strong for facility of administration, the principal feature of modern fighting is the resolving of these battalions, when once under fire, into companies or even smaller units, according to the circumstances of the moment, each fraction having

its own separate objective point, and looking only to its immediate commander for guidance. The massive column is, at least in the hour of battle, a thing of the past, as is also the solid square. The once stately and imposing line, in which, in days of yore, one, and only one, army ever dared to fight, has now become the common property of all nations, but has resolved itself into what may almost be described as a loose, disorderly array of men wildly scampering hither and thither, and intent only on securing cover for themselves and in firing with the utmost rapidity upon the foe. But even in this solitary remaining formation, if such it can be called, the place of the colours knows them no more. Their size and weight, their very importance, render their presence in the front or fighting line inadvisable. No one has time to bestow a look or even a thought upon them, and they are accordingly relegated ignominiously to the rear, where they remain, so to say, passive spectators of the fight; the last to advance, the first to retreat. Nor is this all; they are not merely useless in action, but worse than useless. An escort must be detailed for their protection, and accordingly, in the new Attack Formation, we find it laid down "that at drill and manœuvres a section will be sufficient" for the purpose—a tolerably plain admission that in actual service a section will not by any means be sufficient, and we may safely assume that at least an entire company would be necessary; in other words, the battalion must be weakened by the number of men required for this fictitious and self-imposed duty. Yet, if there is one army more than another which can ill afford to spare men for such a purpose, it is our own. It may be urged that commanding officers of regiments or battalions, bearing this in mind, will invariably make up an escort of infirm and decrepid men, whose presence in the ranks may be most easily dispensed with; but, however advisable this may be in a tactical or prudential sense, it accords but ill with the prestige which attaches, or rather should attach, to the colours. A group of youthful officers and aged privates sprawling on the ground behind any available cover, with their sacred charges, popularly supposed to droop only in presence of Royalty, laid flat upon the earth, is hardly a dignified, certainly not a romantic, spectacle, but is nevertheless one which is becoming common at field days. Will officers boast in future with justifiable pride that they have carried the colours of their regiment in action? Will they not rather regard with feelings the reverse of proud a duty which debars them from being up and doing in the fray? Nor is the dispersion of regiments of which we have spoken by any means confined to the actual battle. In modern campaigning, duties of a more or less detached nature, such as were formerly considered exceptional, have now become the rule. The proportionate strength of advanced and rear guards on the march, and of outposts and pickets when halted, has immensely increased. If a position is to be taken up for battle, it is not sufficient merely to occupy it; entrenchments must be made, covering a wide extent of ground, villages must be more or less fortified, and the defensive capabilities of the ground improved to the utmost. All these things tend more and more both to deprive regimental colours of their old significance, and to render them an incumbrance and a drag on military movements.

Our remarks have hitherto applied to infantry, but the changes in the duties of cavalry have rendered equally useless the standards of those regiments which carry them. A recent German military writer of some repute has pronounced cavalry to be useless on the battle-field, but invaluable off it. Without exactly admitting the correctness of this somewhat sweeping assertion, it is undeniable that it is not without foundation. To nurse cavalry in action until the moment arrives for a grand decisive charge, to keep them in masses on the road during the march, would be to repeat the errors which were so heavily visited on the French in 1870. The opportunities presented in modern battle for the use of this arm are brief, and must be seized at once by any body, no matter how small, that may be within reach. On the march, dispersion, not concentration, is the very essence of good cavalry. Spread out over a vast extent of country, and far in advance of the main body, their duty is at once to form a curtain to cover the movements of the army, and at the same time to gain information of the position and strength of the enemy. The independence of small units, so much advocated nowadays for infantry, is of even greater importance for cavalry. In each and all of these operations the colours or standards are a simple dead weight on their respective regiments; for they monopolize the services of officers, sergeants, and men who ought to be far more usefully employed elsewhere. The functions of the colours appear now to be reduced to two. The first is that of bearing the names of the battles in which their regiment has taken part. But it is to be remembered that, while the regiment, like the monarch whom it serves, never dies, the colours do. No regiment, for instance, carries at the present moment the identical standards under which it fought in the Peninsula; they have long ago passed away, and three or four successive new sets have probably been since presented. The connexion, therefore, between the colours and the services which they record is rather one of sentiment than of reality. There is no lack of other means whereby such services can be, and indeed are, perpetuated. Our army furnishes numerous practical proofs of how little the possession of colours or standards has to do with real efficiency. With us neither hussar nor rifle regiments carry them, yet they can boast a goodly list of victories in the Army List and on their appointments; and, as we have already observed, modern war has reduced the duties of nearly all cavalry to those which once belonged exclu-

sively to the hussars, while all infantry are, both as regards armament and drill, in reality rifles. To take a further illustration, it is a common practice, in any expedition in which the army and navy jointly take part, to make up a battalion of marines from the different men-of-war; nor, as experience has often proved, could better soldiers be desired. The other remaining function of the colours is in connexion with that mysterious and inscrutable ceremony, dear to martinet and nursemaids, known as "trooping." Of this we can only say that, if it is intended as an act of military homage paid indirectly to the Sovereign, some equally efficient substitute for the ceremony could easily be found. Indeed, at some stations the colours of regiments are not used for this purpose, a local standard being provided. Moreover, the whole performance is utterly childish, not to say ridiculous; and about as much suited to these times of earnest, practical soldiering as a fetish dance would be to Exeter Hall.

The truth is that the utility of colours has departed, their prestige is unmistakably waning, and it is difficult to see on what grounds their continued existence can be advocated. Arguments of a more or less sentimental nature will doubtless not be wanting in their behalf; but this is not a case in which sentiment should be allowed to override fact. They are unsuited to the rapid movements and independent fighting of the present day; and, like the typical soldier who could not shoot, they are "useless and an encumbrance to the battalion." They might be disestablished and laid upon the shelf, and their fitting epitaph would be, "It was the pace that killed."

THE THEATRES.

THE dramatic character that belongs to the greater part of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels would perhaps seem at first sight a good reason why they should be easily converted into effective plays. But, in truth, the task of adapting to the stage a novel which is full of dramatic incident and situation presents a good many difficulties. Events which are so spread out in the narrative form as to pin a reader's attention through three or more volumes have to be compressed into the limits of as many acts. That which is the most dramatic side of the novel, the working out of a mystery for the solution of which the reader is constantly longing, has lost much of its force when it is transferred to a play; for, in the case of a popular novel, even those who have not read it are likely to have enough acquaintance with the story to prevent their feeling any thrilling anxiety as to its termination. Besides this, the majority of the audience are tolerably sure to go to the play with a preconceived notion of the characters formed by reading or hearing of the novel. It is this fact which has perhaps had the strongest influence against the version of *The Dead Secret* played at the Lyceum. The principal person in this piece is naturally Sarah Leeson, and Mrs. Crowe's conception of this character is completely at odds with any that can be acquired from the study of Mr. Wilkie Collins's narrative. As far as the play is concerned, there is no reason why Sarah Leeson should not be a woman given to violent demonstration; but a player who undertakes to bring a not unknown character in fiction to life on the stage should surely be guided to some extent by the original author's views concerning the person to be represented. It would be, to say the least of it, unwise of an actor who was cast for Count Fosco to assume the aspect and manner of a thin Englishman; but such an interpretation would not be much more startling than Mrs. Crowe's of Sarah Leeson. Considered apart from its unlikeness to most people's idea of Sarah Leeson's character, Mrs. Crowe's performance can scarcely fail to have certain merits; but, unfortunately, these are not striking enough, or rather they are too familiar, to counterbalance the disadvantages which the actress has put in her way by substituting a creation of her own for that of Mr. Wilkie Collins. And it is perhaps the consciousness of having to make way against the preconceived ideas of the audience that leads Mrs. Crowe at times into exaggeration. This is especially marked in the scene where she calls "Away! away!" to the vision of her dead mistress, much as Macbeth cries "Hence, horrible shadow, hence!" to that of Banquo. It is somewhat unfortunate that the spectator is reminded of Mr. Irving's rendering of this passage by Mrs. Crowe's of that in *The Dead Secret*. Mr. Irving was not, to our thinking, at his best in the speech we have referred to; and Mrs. Crowe, who has plenty of original talent, is certainly not well advised in either consciously or unconsciously affecting the manner of other players. For the rest the arrangement of the play throws many difficulties in the actress's way. The commonplace spectacle which is the constant object of Sarah Leeson's terror is singularly wanting in impressiveness, and it is not altogether strange that the audience should refuse to share Sarah's awe at the tumbling down of a picture. The construction of the play, the period of which has been put back into the date of knee-breeches, is not remarkable for skill; as an instance of the absence of which we may point to the scene in which Sarah holds an imaginary dialogue with the child who, to her excited fancy, is always three years old. This scene gives to Mrs. Crowe an opportunity for displaying the tenderness with which she has often before in other pieces stirred the hearts of her audience; but it is so clumsily introduced that the effect of the acting is inevitably damaged. It is in this scene, and the subsequent one in which the mother and daughter actually meet, that Mrs. Crowe's power makes itself felt. In the others in which Sarah Leeson appears one can only regret that

an actress of so much mark should be seen to such disadvantage. Mr. Edmund Lyons's performance of Joseph Buschmann, the simple, kindly German, is singularly true and unforced. The accent and intonation have been caught with great correctness, and the peculiarities of the pleasant old man are conveyed without any exaggeration. Mr. Odell saves the fun of Mr. Munder's character from heaviness by a quaint humour which one could wish to see employed on something better, and Mr. Pinero's clever acting gives some importance to the repulsive Shrowle.

The adaptation to the stage of another of Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, *The Moonstone*, now being played at the Olympic, has been more satisfactorily managed than that of *The Dead Secret*. At the same time there are some glaring improbabilities in the story as presented on the stage which might, one would think, have been avoided without much difficulty. Credulity is somewhat heavily taxed by the extraordinary effect supposed to follow on the hero's rashly taking a glass of brandy and water after having avoided spirits all his life. And the heroine's fluctuations of love and hatred for the hero, whom in the end she exalts as a pattern of virtue because he has not robbed her of a diamond, are not startlingly true to nature. However, the piece is not wanting in dramatic effect, and there are several things to praise in its interpretation. Mr. Neville as Franklin Blake, the man who becomes a somnambulist on the provocation of a glass of brandy and water, or grog, as the characters of the piece seem agreed to call it, does not, it is true, look very like a person in an overstrung or unhealthy state. Nor is Mr. Neville's representation of Mr. Franklin Blake, with his heartless extravagance and his hollow heartiness, different in conception from Mr. Neville's presentment of Robert Audley or any other young hero of modern comedy. But this is perhaps as much the author's as the actor's fault, and Mr. Neville must be credited with the reality that he gives to the heavy and mechanical air of the somnambulist in the sleep-walking scene. Miss Pateman as the heroine Rachel Verinder gives a repetition of the measured mouthing and conventionalism which she has seemed unable to throw off in any character she has as yet performed. The other characters are all played with commendable skill and pains. Mr. Hill again plays a part unworthy of his true comic talent, but lends to it a good deal of his own humour. Mrs. Seymour plays the tract-distributing Miss Clack with uncommon perception and power of being comic without resorting to extravagance. Mr. Pateman looks and acts so like a country doctor that one almost forgets the impertinence of Mr. Candy's advice to Franklin Blake. Mr. Harcourt gives an excellently plausible aspect to the philanthropic villain Ablewhite, and Mr. Swinbourne plays the detective Cuff with a success which would be more complete if the actor could banish the reminiscence of heavy tragedy from his intonation. Mr. Swinbourne's byplay is throughout good, and his suggestions of the detective's abnormally sharpened powers of observation are well conceived and executed.

The play called *Liz*, founded on a novel by Mrs. Burnett, and written by Messrs. Hatton and Matthison, loses something by being produced on so small a stage as that of the Opéra Comique. In a larger theatre the melodramatic situations of the piece would have a far better chance; but, as it is, there are other points in *Liz* which have considerable attraction. There is a somewhat false ring about much of the sentiment of the piece when considered in cold blood; but there is enough honesty and impulse both in the writing and acting to carry it off with more than tolerable success upon the stage. The most striking—or what should, with enough space and machinery, be the most striking—scene in the play, that in which there is an explosion in the mine, is marred by ineffective stage management. *Liz*, the heroine, rushes forward to take her place among the volunteers, who at once go down to see what help they can give. She has to argue her case before she is allowed to form one of this company, and thus much valuable time is lost; but this would be the less remarkable if any barrier were formed by opposing groups between her and the cage which is about to be let down. As it is, she is made to appear strangely stupid in not at once jumping into the vacant place which she covets. Again, in the scene of the murder—a murder which, by the by, seems to lead to no kind of inquiry, legal or other—there is no adequate explanation of the mistake by which the “creatures” of Phil Lowrie, the ruffian, kill him instead of his intended victim. This is partly owing, no doubt, to the small extent of the stage; but something might, one would think, be done to combat this disadvantage, and certainly a more lifelike appearance might be given to the struggle in a previous scene between Lowrie and Derrick. As *Liz*, the noble daughter of the ruffian Lowrie, Miss Rose Leclercq displays a good deal of power, both in pathetic and defiant passages. The ruffian himself is played in the Crumple style by Mr. Gould. Mr. Beveridge gives a strangely offensive aspect to Derrick, who is supposed to be a kind of bluff hero. There are two pieces of acting in different lines in the piece with which there are scarcely any faults to be found. These are Mr. Taylor's representation of “Owd Sammy” and Mr. Carton's of the Rev. Alfred Lonsdale. Mr. Taylor's presentment of the shrewd, ignorant old fellow who is looked up to as an authority by the miners is, in voice, aspect, and gesture, from beginning to end, full of a humour which is never carried too far and to which study has given an admirably natural air. One could wish at times to hear Mr. Taylor's words more clearly, but it is no doubt difficult to be always distinct in a “dialect” part. Mr. Carton as Mr. Lonsdale more than fulfils the promise of his first appearance in London as Osric in *Hamlet*. The character of the delicate, nervous, yet courageous curate is con-

veyed by a multitude of clever hints of action and expression, all of which are consistent with a distinct conception; and the byplay is worked out with much quiet carefulness. A danger of becoming ridiculous is avoided with unusual skill; Mr. Carton has made his mark in this part, and much may be hoped from him. There is considerable promise also in Miss Bedford's performance of Jud Bates, a pit lad; but it would be well to find a better representative than the present one of “the best tarrier i' Riggan,” which Bates owns.

REVIEWS.

BOUSQUET'S JAPAN.*

WHAT Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has lately done for Russia, that M. Bousquet, with unconscious imitation, has attempted to do for Japan. These two volumes merit a close and attentive study. The author was employed for four years in the country as consulting counsel to the French Embassy. He is known to his contemporaries as a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. His position enabled him to make sundry expeditions into the interior, and to meet with facilities for travel which would not be accorded to irresponsible or independent visitors. His powers of endurance, under more than ordinary discomforts and annoyances, would do credit to the hardy pioneers of our own nation; and, while he appears to have taken notes and pursued his investigations with the pertinacity of a compiler of guide-books, or a member of Parliament bent on having a Blue-book to himself, he writes of all that he saw, heard, and suffered with the ease, the grace, and the well-turned, picturesque, and epigrammatic phrases which seem natural to the countrymen of Dumas and Sainte-Beuve. For some time to come these volumes must be text-books for all who care to study the Japanese.

Of the 3,800 islands which make up that Empire only about half-a-dozen merit recognition, either as single islands or groups; and while some tracts, in heat and vegetation, belong to the tropics, others, far to the north, have a climate resembling that of Poland or Norway. At one place we are told of a rainy season lasting for three or four months, enervating and disagreeable without being deadly or unhealthy; and at another we hear of a sky so pure and an atmosphere so bracing that even the best months of the Indian cold season would suffer by comparison. The general healthiness of the climate is partly due to the monsoons that sweep the Japanese seas and purify a country which, according to M. Bousquet, is never at any place more than one hundred and thirty French leagues in breadth, though it extends from north to south for more than two thousand miles; but it must not be imagined that these islands enjoy complete immunity from the visitations of nature. Violent earthquakes are common. Though Fusi-yama has not spoken since 1708, other volcanoes are still in pestilential activity; terrible cyclones burst on the coasts; and tidal waves sweep along creeks and bays and overwhelm whole villages; while populous towns, apparently built of wood, string, and pasteboard, are consumed annually by fire, entailing an enormous sacrifice of property and occasional loss of life. Birds of prey swarm, though as to fierce animals we hear of nothing worse than wolves, bears, and foxes; and the total absence of the partridge species may be compensated in the eyes of the sportsman by the abundance of waterfowl, roe deer, pheasants, quail, and snipe. Rice is cultivated in valleys largely made up of detritus and decomposition. The silk filatures are famous, but there is little of the commercial activity which distinguishes the Chinese; and, if we refuse credit to the vast mineral wealth said to be hidden in the mountain ranges, to stories of untold gold, silver, copper, iron, and sulphur, it is not because we doubt the good faith of the author, but because we know from other countries how often the quality and quantity of the ore disappoint expectation, and how vast are the difficulties of excavation, labour, and transport to be encountered by enterprising capitalists who enter too hopefully on such speculations.

M. Bousquet tells us at some length of the early history of the Empire; of the aborigines, who still exist in the northern islands; of the invasions of either Mongolian or Malay tribes; of the first Mikado, who derived his descent from the sun; of the tenth of the race, who encouraged agriculture, established taxation, and developed commerce; of the introduction of Chinese literature in the third or fourth century of our era; of the division of the community into the peasants, the *samurai* or soldiers, and the nobles; and of the final rise of the military power which overshadowed or nullified the authority of the Mikado. The author treats as a fallacy the theory of two independent sovereigns with separate jurisdictions, and shows that the Shogun, or Commander, in reality ruled in the name of the Mikado, just as Stilocho did with Honorius and Charles Martel with the French kings, and, we may add, as the late Jung Bahadur did at Katmandhu. But to speculations about the origin of races, and to periods of history made up of treachery and assassination, which exercised no perceptible influence on the outer world, we much prefer the lively descriptions of social habits and manners and the pointed criticisms with which nearly every page teems. In Japan the position of the wife and

* *Le Japon de nos Jours*. Par Georges Bousquet. Paris: Hachette. 1877.

mother is about midway between Oriental degradation and European liberty. She reads and writes, plays the guitar, attends to household matters; and goes unaccompanied to the temple and the public bath. Here we have a revelation which would shock equally a Bengal Brahmin or a Belgavian mother. Both sexes bathe promiscuously in one public bath; and these indiscriminate lavatories, and shops where hot tea is always ready, seem essential features of Japanese life. A still more objectionable feature is the open concubinage to which the wife is forced to contribute by herself introducing into the house the *Mekake*, or Hetaira, who is to share her husband's affections. The author draws a distinction between this custom and polygamy, in so far that the original wife still remains the head of the household. The *Mekake* is theoretically a servant, and her children are taught to look on the real wife as their mother. We gather from some remarks in the second volume that endeavours are being made to discountenance or limit this practice. A more pleasing feature is the parental love of children, remarkable in a nation where such demonstrations as kissing and shaking hands are unknown, where punishments are still cruel, disproportionate, and barbarous, and where all natural gaiety and expansion of feeling seem crushed out by the cold and lifeless religion of Buddha. The Japanese houses are singularly uncomfortable for a people who have made some progress in art, and who have often to endure the sharpness of a northern winter. In some districts the house is warmed by a fire of coal placed in a stone basin in the very centre of the floor, but more generally by a portable fireplace or brazier. The ordinary Japanese takes his three meals a day; at each of which rice is largely eaten, varied by vegetables, salt fish, a strong species of beer, or tea, which is generally excellent. The custom of bathing after a full supper, of staining the lips red, and of blackening the teeth, appear to be destructive to whatever beauty can be discerned in the women of the higher classes.

Of Japanese art, admitting a certain power of minute and faithful imitation, the author has formed no very high idea. The use of wood is fatal to grandeur of conception and to endurance in architecture. Symmetry is disregarded in those well-known edifices of several stories with their carved roofs, and walls are composed of pillars and pasteboard instead of solid material. On the other hand, gardens are laid out with some pretension to elegance, and even the pettiest householder possesses a garden. An artificial lake is crossed by a rustic bridge, a summer-house is prettily hidden in a clump of firs, the walks are flagged or paved, and a neat grass plot is bordered by an orchard of plum or cherry trees. But to M. Bousquet this appeared an indifferent caricature of nature, fitted only for a jaded voluptuary, an effete philosopher, a disgraced civilian, or a soldier tired of war. Sculpture falls under the same denunciation as architecture. Statues of Buddha in lacquered wood, serene, but dull and lifeless; a figure of the war god, sword in hand and encircled with flames; saints and apostles, with abnormal foreheads, crania hugely developed, and ears of preternatural length; demons of the popular mythology, with puffy faces and hideous grinning mouths; a saint carried by a fish; a philosopher holding a roll of paper, and mounted on a stag; a warrior on a clumsy horse; these and others could only have issued from a studio where the artist had been brought up on principles equally devoid of the ennobling historical recollections of the Roman, the divine inspiration of the Greek, or the religious fervour of the mediæval artist. One single bronze statue, date 1783, of a public benefactor, seemed to M. Bousquet at once natural, easy, and dignified. Painting displays more of exaggeration and less knowledge of anatomy than sculpture. There are no distinct schools. All merit consists in delicacy of execution and handling of colours, for it is useless to look for proportion, foreshortening, attractive optical illusion, or the play of light and shadow. The painter is a mere blind imitator of his predecessors; and we can scarcely wonder that a request that the portrait of the author might be taken was met by a shout of laughter. It is something, however, to be assured that dancing is not the lucrative profession of questionable women, but that, while there are noble and sacred displays only witnessed at Court, young girls can take part in popular dances without loss of character. Even for pottery and china the author has only guarded praise, though men who have seen choice collections of vases, or figures in bronze, and tables and cabinets of polished and variegated wood, may perhaps be disposed to assign a somewhat higher place to native invention and treatment of materials than M. Bousquet. He admits a certain degree of civilization, but only of the "finnikin" kind, and warns us, perhaps superfluously, against seeking models in the Far East.

Anglo-Indians cannot but be struck by the resemblance to India in the uprooting of ancient traditions and the irruption of new ideas, consequent on recent political and commercial treaties with Japan. In the establishment of telegraphs and railways, in the attempts on the part of Government to give an impulse to commercial enterprise, in the want of roads that could be traversed in the rainy season, in the colleges where foreign languages and physical sciences are taught, in the loans indispensable for extraordinary and unproductive works, in the demand for more competent and impartial tribunals, before which Europeans could confidently claim their civil rights and to which they might be criminally amenable, in the alleged want of national faith and integrity, in the mimicry of European manners and costumes, in the absence of any sound popular element which could support, influence, or control the administration, we seem to be reading the annual report of some gifted Indian administrator desirous of doing something, and yet of escaping the charges of crudity and rashness. The native press is

just beginning to feel its way; writers are restricted in their choice of subjects, and are forced to sign their names, and they have to resort to artifice for their sharpest criticisms. On the whole, the effect produced by M. Bousquet's elaborate volumes is not without promise for the future, and it is creditable to the author that he errs neither by feeding national vanity nor by harsh and one-sided comments. Life at Yokohama seems to have been of that kind which suits an Englishman better than a Frenchman. Beef, mutton, and game were abundant, but most other necessaries came from China and Europe. Housekeeping must have been expensive, and life at the capital more monotonous than that of an Indian Presidency or large military station in the Punjab, though resembling it in the club, the cricket match, the amateur theatricals, and the picnics.

From dying of *ennui* the author was, however, delivered by sundry excursions into the interior which form not the least interesting part of his book. He began by traversing some of the central provinces, and ended with a visit to Hakodadi in the north. By this means he got outside the "Treaty limit," and he avoided the hot weather. In the hills he was carried by porters in what he calls a "kanjo," which sounds very much like the *jauphan* of the Himalayas. On another occasion, he surprises us by mounting a horse called "Trafalgar," thus showing a complete obliteration of old national antipathies. He saw lovely lakes, abundance of rice cultivation, a large military establishment in the interior under the direction of a French officer, which reminded him of the Camp at Chalons, and he ascended Asama-Yama, of which the boiling lava, heard but not seen, inspired him with (luckily) a temporary wish to imitate Empedocles. A regular native Japanese inn, where he got a warm bath, a clean mat, and a maid-servant to fan him, seemed, on such a trip, the perfection of comfort, and this was in a part of the country where no white face had ever been seen. There was a dim tradition of three Europeans who had once passed through it. The commerce of Japan was seen at its best at Nagoya and Osaka. The former town contains two hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom only one was a fellow-countryman, who had characteristically set up an inn which he termed "Hotel du Progrès." From this place he went to Kioto, the cradle of the Empire, built in a plain, where he inspected ancient temples and cemeteries and the palace of the Mikado, witnessed a native ballet and a parody of the *Harakari* or "Happy Despatch," and was amused with the townsfolk, who were deluded into the belief that their small stream was a real river. From its physical conformation and want of breadth, there are hardly any navigable rivers in Japan. Once, in the winter, he paid a visit to Nikko, and amused himself by shooting pigeons and thrushes. Nikko, it seems, is strikingly situated in the midst of precipitous mountains, fine avenues, and grand cascades. But the best trip was that to Yezo, in the north. Here, without congenial companions, our author roughed it in strange places. A coasting steamer, badly officered by a would-be dandy captain, who wore polished leather boots and a dirty shirt; a light skiff, which could not contend with wind and sea; small horses, which galloped and trotted by turns; nights spent in wretched huts, without protection from flies and mosquitoes, while smoke stifled, dogs barked, fleas made themselves felt, and a caged badger drove away sleep; thick jungles to be pierced and torrents to be forded; these were amongst the experiences of which a fund of good humour and self-reliance enabled him to make light. His reward consisted in the study of an aboriginal race of Ainos, who pass their lives in running up huts of leaves, planting a few vegetables, stitching skins and pieces of bark for clothing, and catching salmon, which they salt in huge quantities. They are described as a fine race—the men with ruddy countenances and thick lips, the women good-looking, and all not averse to welcome the European, and, as not themselves much given to washing, amazed to see him take a swim in the river. They sacrifice all horses that are past service, together with libations of rice and strong drink, to certain nameless gods, and kill their game with arrows dipped in aconite. Horses seem to be the property of the commune, and not of individuals, and the Ainos themselves are looked down on and employed as porters by the Japanese. This province is governed by unsympathetic officials from the capital, who are sent there in their turn, or by way of punishment, for mistakes or incapacity. The Japanese clearly do not understand what literary or political capital could be made out of a sojourn amongst such a simple and primitive people.

We must mention that the latter part of the second volume is taken up with a series of lighter sketches, descriptive of Hong Kong and our settlements in China, of Manila, Java, Singapore, Ceylon, and Aden. Life on board a P.O. steamer is hit off happily, and reminds us of Mr. Taylor's play of the *Overland Route*. There is an account of Manila and a visit to the interior, which tells a good deal of a country and of races little known; and the sight of the enterprising Parsee at Aden gives occasion to a few just and temperate remarks about Anglo-Indian administration, which makes us wish that the author had spent a few years at Bombay or Calcutta. The value of the book lies, of course, in the exhaustive survey of the Japanese Empire. And, if we do not express a hope that it may meet with a competent translator, it is solely because the work, for thorough enjoyment of materials carefully collected and excellently arranged, should be read in the forcible, lively, and picturesque style of the original.

SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.*

IT is still true that there is no "royal road" to learning; but at any rate the way has been macadamized and made comparatively easy. Dr. William Smith, in his multifarious Dictionaries, has condensed into a few handy volumes the contents of whole libraries. We doubt whether true scholarship gains anything by this facility of obtaining information at second hand. Learning, to be thoroughly mastered, must be acquired patiently and gradually. A man learns more very often by the painful search after facts than by the easy discovery of what he wants. We do not know that any greater breadth or accuracy of learning is to be found in the generation of students that has had the benefit of Smith's Dictionaries than in those of earlier date and of fewer advantages. However, time is shorter and work is more hurried in our days than in those of our forefathers; and it was inevitable that some such helps to learning as Mr. Murray's useful series should be provided. It is a matter of congratulation that the task has fallen into such competent hands. The plan pursued in all these manuals is the same. The work is divided among numerous contributors, and the editor is responsible, we presume, for the general management of the whole. Of course there are difficulties attendant on this constitution. The value of the different contributions is very unequal; and the revising editor must be under the constant temptation to sacrifice vigour and independence of thought to a safe mediocrity of opinion. But, on the whole, it would be most ungracious to deny that the work is for the most part exceedingly well done, and that it is most convenient to literary inquirers to find so much valuable matter compendiously and judiciously selected and arranged.

The special design of the work before us is, to quote the words of the preface, "to furnish, in the form of a Biographical Dictionary, a complete collection of materials for the history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne, in every branch of this great subject except that of Christian antiquities." That is to say, the present Dictionary is meant to supplement the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* edited by Dr. Smith and Mr. Cheetham, and to form, in conjunction with that work, a complete cyclopædia of ecclesiastical history for the first eight centuries of the Christian era. Undoubtedly it would have been better had it been possible to fuse these two works into one. There is a certain awkwardness, for example, in admitting into a Biographical Dictionary purely abstract subjects, such, for example, as "Concupiscence" and "Demonology." Both these articles, we observe, are contributed by Mr. E. S. Ffoulkes, and are very well done. But who would ever think of looking into a Dictionary of Biography for such subjects? Then, again, there is of necessity much repetition, and, as a natural consequence, some inconsistency, owing to the different opinions of different contributors. Sometimes, as in an article on "Death and the Dead," we observe that two different writers, Mr. Ffoulkes and Mr. Plumpton, each contribute a paper on the subject. This at least seems to show a want of strict editorial supervision.

The general editorship of this work was entrusted first of all, we are told, to those two eminent Cambridge scholars, Dr. Westcott and Dr. Lightfoot, who were to fulfil their tasks under Dr. Smith's general superintendence. But these two divines were obliged by the pressure of other duties to resign their posts. This is much to be regretted; for undoubtedly the articles contributed by the two Cambridge Professors are about the best in the book. These writers show more grasp of their subject, and are more impartial and unbiased, than some at least of their colleagues. On their retirement Dr. Smith himself edited the work, unassisted as far as the end of the articles in B. Since then, Mr. Henry Wace has been general editor, under Dr. Smith's advice and assistance, and with the help of Dr. Salmon, the Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, and of Mr. Charles Hole, whose *Brief Biographical Dictionary* is a book well known to ecclesiastical students.

Every one who has studied ancient Church literature at all must often have longed for an *Onomasticon*, in which they might be sure to find some account of every name mentioned by ecclesiastical writers. It was, we are told, the original intention of the compilers of the Dictionary now before us to provide such an *Onomasticon* of the first eight centuries of the Christian world. But the task was too formidable to be undertaken. However, we may be well satisfied to have so very complete a biographical collection as is here afforded us.

On the whole, as we have said, the several contributors seem to us to have done their work excellently well. We cannot pretend, even as conscientious reviewers, to have read very much of this thick first volume. But we have looked at very many parts at random, and have referred to not a few particular articles. Perhaps we may select for especial commendation the article on St. Athanasius by Dr. Bright, that on St. Clement of Alexandria by Dr. Westcott, and that on the Venerable Bede by Mr. Stubbs. Surely an article on the Creeds would not have been expected in this volume, in addition to what is given in the *Dictionary of*

Christian Antiquities. And if it were thought necessary for any reason to include such an article, its composition should have been entrusted, we think, considering the controversy that has lately raged about the antiquity of the Athanasian Creed, to some less compromised author than Dr. Swainson. The article accordingly, so far as concerns the last-named Creed, is nothing but the work of a partisan, who takes care not only to ventilate his own theories, but even to puff, by referring his readers to it, his own book on the subject. We observe that the editors have themselves felt it necessary to append a foot-note (the only one of the sort which we have noticed in the whole volume), to the effect that "the reader may consult with advantage the Rev. G. D. W. Ommanney's *Athanasian Creed*, for the arguments in favour of an earlier date being assigned to this creed." A further article seems to be promised on the *Quicumque vult* in a future volume, in which we presume the evidence of the Utrecht Psalter will be considered; for no notice is taken of it here. Surely it would have been more convenient to discuss the whole question in one place. We may mention, as another example of needless and unintelligible repetition, the fact that "Baptism" is treated of here as well as in the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* and also in the *Dictionary of the Bible*. We wish we could commend the treatment of the biography of the great St. Augustine. He is the subject of a most inadequate and unsatisfactory notice by M. E. de Presensé, of Paris. On the other hand, the biography of St. Augustine of Canterbury, which succeeds it, is altogether admirably compiled by Dr. Maclear, of King's College. Some of the biographies, even when carefully compiled, are written with singular dullness and dryness of style. Such a one, for instance, is the account of a most interesting personage, Apollonius of Tyana. Here, by the way, we notice that by some oversight no dates are given. The writer and the editors may deem it impossible for any one to forget the century in which such a man lived. But nothing is more likely than that a man would consult this dictionary for the express purpose of finding the exact date at which any particular person flourished. So again, in the notice of St. Blandina the Martyr no year is given. Every one is not bound to know the exact date at which the Martyrs of Lyons suffered.

It is fair to say, to the great credit of the editors, that we have noted very few slips or mistakes in the whole of this thick volume. One such, however, must surely be the name *Aphthonius*, which is as bad as the unscholarlike spelling "diphtheria." In the text, however, Mr. Venables himself spells this bishop's name rightly as *Aphthonius*. We lighted upon this error, by the way, in a fruitless search for the name *Aponius*. Strange to say, this ancient writer is not noticed at all. And yet his commentaries on the Song of Solomon, mentioned both by Bede and Bellarmine, are of some exegetical importance. They were known only by fragments till 1843, when two Cistercians, Bottino and Martini, edited the Twelve Books complete from a manuscript belonging to a convent of their order, St. Cross in Jerusalem, at Rome. The book was printed at Rome by the press of the Propaganda. The Roman press has not contributed much of late years to original ecclesiastical literature, and it is somewhat hard that it should not have had the credit of this *editio princeps* in this new dictionary of Christian biography. His editors, we may add, assign Aponius to the fifth century, on the ground that he does not mention either Nestorianism or Eutychianism, although he refers to heresies of an earlier date.

The late lamented Bishop Forbes of Brechin had undertaken to contribute to this Dictionary biographical notices of the personages of Scotch and Irish ecclesiastical history and hagiology. Accordingly, many almost unpronounceable Gaelic names are found here, in the earlier part of the volume, with the Bishop's initials. Happily a competent scholar, Mr. Gammack of Drumlithie, has been found to take his place. We turned with some curiosity to St. Barry, whose name, as the saint in whose honour the new cathedral of Cork is dedicated, has been of late somewhat conspicuous. To our surprise we find that Bishop Forbes distinguishes between one "Barrinn" and "Barry, otherwise Finbar." The latter, however, who died Bishop of Cork in 630 or 633, is of course the patron of the see which he founded, and for which, to the credit of the Irish Church, a very fine modern cathedral has lately been erected. Even more strange than the Gaelic names borrowed from the Scotch martyrologies are the outlandish names of the Gnostic archons which Dr. Salmon has extracted from the *Pistis Sophia*. The Dublin Professor indeed seems to have taken the Gnostic and the Cabalistic literatures as his special province. But such portents as Calapatauroth and Chainchooch would be more in place in an *Onomasticon* than in a dictionary of biography. Mr. Hort, let us add, has dealt with great judgment with the mass of apocryphal writings, such, for instance, as the "History of Aseneth," Joseph's wife, with which the earliest ecclesiastical literature abounds. We have said enough, we think, to show the varied and instructive nature of the contents of this promising volume. We hope that the work, gigantic as it is in its conception, may speedily reach a successful completion.

NARJOUX'S NOTES OF AN ARCHITECT.*

M. FELIX NARJOUX is a young French architect (author, with M. Viollet le Duc, of *Habitations Modernes en Europe*),

* *Notes and Sketches of an Architect, taken during a Journey in the North-West of Europe.* Translated from the French of Felix Narjoux by John Peto. With 216 Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

* *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines; being a Continuation of the Dictionary of the Bible.* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Henry Wace, M.A., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London; Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Vol. 1. A—D. London: John Murray. 1877.

gifted with good sense and good temper, with tolerable fairness, though rather acidulated by reminiscences of 1870, with a quick eye and a quick pencil; who plunged into regions so wild and strange to his countrymen as Holland, North Germany, and Denmark, to observe and describe their ways of building, past and present, with a continual reference to local habits of life. He has accordingly produced a volume which is very readable, though marked with some obvious shortcomings in itself and heavily translated, and out of which the coming historian of the development of architecture during our busy generation may gather much useful information, especially in reference to the Gothic movement, towards which M. Narjoux shows a distinct, though not an exclusive, preference. As there is nothing remarkably original in the criticisms of old buildings which the book contains we shall pass them over, and bring together the principal scattered instances which we can find of the architectural progress of the last quarter of a century, dealing first with civil and then with ecclesiastical buildings.

We are glad to observe that in Amsterdam the vulgar taste which persisted in substituting horizontal cornices for the characteristic gables of its older town houses seems to have received a check under M. Cuyppers's influence. The Crystal Palace and the big new hotel in that city do not call for particular notice, and so we may at once proceed to Hanover, a city long famous for the mediæval picturesqueness of its old quarters; and in which, as it seems, a very decided Gothic fashion has asserted itself with an emphasis which has arrested M. Narjoux's favourable attention. "Hanover," he tells us, "for some reason which we can neither ascertain nor understand, has given birth to a school of learned architects who had pursued their studies at home and abroad, more especially in France. We knew what to expect at Hanover. Drawings, photographs, descriptions had prepared us beforehand to see Gothic architecture valued there more than among ourselves; but our expectations were exceeded, and—a thing which seldom occurs—we found works better planned and more numerous than we anticipated." It is a pity that M. Narjoux could not have shown his gratitude for the surprise by being a little more communicative as to the personality of the school. The new town of Hanover, it seems, boasts of streets a hundred feet wide, which are flanked with these much-praised buildings. "Not one of these houses resembles the adjoining one," though, as our author adds, in a sentence where "research" is clearly a mis-translation, "the proportions are not always agreeable; the details show something of pretension and research, but the entire effort is pleasing." The deposed King of Hanover is known to take interest in the Gothic movement, and we may therefore conclude that his influence had been felt in his capital. M. Narjoux calls particular attention to the care shown in designing the corner houses, of which he gives several illustrations; and from these we gather that the sensible plan of cutting off the angles (*pan decoupé*, Gallic), and so leaving room for some form of bay window, is in vogue. He praises unreservedly the picturesque appearance of one of those windows by M. Oppler, whom, alone of the Hanoverian architects, he indicates by name; but we think he might have observed that the wide untracery window which forms its central feature required a trabeated rather than an arcuated treatment. Another example on which criticism is silent appears to us, from the woodcut, an unsuccessful attempt to adapt Romanesque details to the outlines and purposes of modern life. On the whole, we think the cleverest and most original corner house shown is one on which a sort of oblong projection, half tower and half bay, with a steep roof, is applied by one of the broader sides to the angle of the house, and borne upon solid corbels, so as to exhibit the vertical face, not by the retrocession of a *pan decoupé*, but by the projection of this applied construction. We are not told to whose invention it is due.

M. Narjoux is puzzled to explain why in the new Opera House at Hanover, opened in 1854, "a specimen of Italian architecture has been erected in the midst of this new Gothic city." We suppose the answer must be that the architects at Hanover as elsewhere have shown inexplicable timidity in adapting Pointed forms to scenic purposes. Perhaps Mr. Burges's clever Speech Room at Harrow may succeed in arresting that attention to the capabilities of a Gothic auditorium which the less courageous attempt at the Gaiety Theatre has failed to secure. Is there any latent superstition, or any idea on the part of managers of such a superstition existing among the amiable classes, that Gothic is "good" architecture and unsuitable for naughty playhouses? The Opera House at Hanover is commonplace enough, but when we compare it with the nightmare with which we are threatened upon the Thames bank we cannot find the heart to condemn so comparatively harmless a structure. We cannot, on the other hand, praise a huge Gothic gymnasium in which late German forms, importations of early French, and grim features of Italian Pointed are jumbled together. We must also say that an hotel feebly garnished with features which hesitate between Gothic and Romanesque is a failure.

The detached or semi-detached villa houses which have risen in and about Hanover, constructed in particoloured bricks mixed with stone in a conventionalized Gothic, bear a strong family likeness to similar buildings round London and our other great towns; for, as in England so in Germany, the architect has had to construct for families practising the home life and rejoicing in self-contained houses. We observe that, although old half-timbered houses are so common in different parts of Germany, there seems, so far as our author instructs us, no evidence of a revival of that method of building similar to the one through which Mr. Norman Shaw and

his school have been able to reach such picturesque results. A combination of two semi-detached houses, so arranged as to be affluent in porch and balcony, is pleasing in spite of a mixture of styles. The street door opens into a distinct and square, though small, hall, instead of the slip of a passage which we should probably have found in a London counterpart; while four living rooms are shown on the ground floor, all however warmed by stoves, so that the healthful ventilation of the chimney is wanting. An elevation is also given of a single house on a larger scale, fully illustrated both by plans and by designs, of internal construction and fittings which are real in material and construction, and in their design tasteful and in good keeping. We notice apparent oak ceilings put together with "small bare beams with chamfered edges" and soberly coloured. Wall hangings are introduced of "printed calico covered with foliage patterns of bright colours, and with figures of men and animals, hunting scenes, in the midst of scrolls of flowers and leaves, the whole being in imitation of tapestry; but the designs are in outline, and not relieved by shading." From the specimen woodcut given we infer that this method of wall-covering might be worth attention in England. Two elevations of a house obviously built upon a plan almost identical with that which was just noticed, and therefore probably by the same architect, evince considerable purity of detail, while the disposition of the principal staircase within a square tower, with a spire-like four-sided roof, and of the back-stairs in a round turret, gives character and a sky-line to the elevation. A larger country house by M. Oppler is not so pleasing, from the obtrusion of extravagantly-stepped gables. M. Narjoux hints at interference by the owner. It is curious to find, in his discussions upon the arrangements of the rooms, that M. Narjoux, while giving due praise to the plan of placing beds with their heads, and not their sides, to the wall, as more healthy, speaks of it as something strange to a Frenchman. The reprobated practice is certainly far more common in France, but we have French bedrooms in our eye where the head stands against the wall. The illustrations which are given of panelled wooden ceilings in these houses are of incontestable merit; and the specimens of furniture deserve notice, as well as an elaborate but well-designed chimney-piece of stone and marble, founded on the familiar pyramidal outline of such features in mediæval mansions. The furniture includes tables, a "whatnot," a bed, a cupboard, a bureau, a bookcase, and chairs; and may be generally described as intermediate in feeling and composition between the style of Pugin and that of M. Viollet Le Duc, as might have been expected from German designers with a French training. It is on the whole decidedly commendable. But we must renew our serious quarrel with M. Narjoux for totally suppressing both the names of the artists who designed and of those who executed these works, and indeed of all the "North-West European" architects and artists in general, with the two exceptions of M. Oppler at Hanover and of M. Cuyppers in Holland. He might also have spared the silly sneer, garnished with italics, which can hardly be a freak of the translator, that, in the Hanoverian houses, "clocks are rare, even at the present time."

The same omission of names vitiates M. Narjoux's notes on Hamburg. A gigantic rebuilding of a portion of that city was necessitated by the great fire thirty-five years ago:—

The houses in the central district, where the land is dearest and space is wanting, are lodging-houses [a term constantly occurring in this translation, and intended, we suppose, for houses in flats] of several stories in height. Those erected immediately after the great fire in 1842 have no decided character. They resemble, except in a few details, those which are usually seen in large cities, as in London, Paris, or Vienna. The sketch which we made of one of the Alster quays will serve to give an idea of the plan usually adopted; but, on the contrary, the houses more recently erected, and especially those which are being built at the present time, have been influenced on the one hand by the German Gothic school, and, on the other, by the intercourse with England, with which Hamburg has many commercial relations, very important to both countries.

An illustration is given of a row of houses with shops on the ground story, carried out in what we may call the Hanoverian style. This composition is noticeable for its bold treatment of the shop windows under broad unchamfered pointed arches, and by the constructional arches on short round shafts, which divide internally this story. Underground, and not shown in the woodcut section, are "vaulted rooms used as taverns or restaurants," and we should think eminently unhealthy in themselves, although they may serve to keep the upper house dry. We are also given the plan and elevation of a private house in a feeble modification of Gothic.

The only similar public buildings at Hamburg which M. Narjoux illustrates are the Museum—of which the plan and elevation are engraved—showing a rather graceful Italian façade, and the general Hospital, of which we only have the plan. At Altona our author, in noticing the Sunday fêtes at which the servant maids of the city mix with the village girls, talks of their

freedom of manners, of which the public balls at Paris, even of the most advanced type, cannot give the remotest idea. "It is their simplicity," we are told, but our corruption—and there is no doubt of its existence—is a hundredfold more reserved and less revolting.

Speaking generally, the amount, the solidity, and the publicity of North European eating are a trial to our traveller.

A new hotel in our own quiet little possession of Heligoland, although built in the no-particular style of English watering-place hotels, deserves to be noticed for the very ingenious contrivance by which its architect—who was, we are told, English, though M. Narjoux of course gives no clue to his identity—contrived to

bestow the maximum of sun and sea-view and the minimum of wind upon the guests. The building, which has two show sides, is composed of a basement and two stories of rooms, and these rooms project in the shape of a serrated row of two-sided bows or apses, each bow with one blank side, which turns its back to the bow behind it, and one window opening which looks on to its own special triangular balcony, which is hitched into the space intervening between the successive bows, and is bounded in front by its railing, on one side by the window of its own bow, and on the third side by the blank wall of the next bow. The balconies of the upper floor shelter those of the lower story—while a very wide-eaved roof protects the upper ones. The line of balcony front is continuous, and represents what would have been but for this contrivance the house line. The whole effect is undoubtedly queer, but eminently sensible, while the building, except for this happy idea, would have been alike ugly and uncomfortable.

On reaching Denmark M. Narjoux is interested by an entirely wooden gentleman-farmer's house in the island of Funen, in a sort of conventionalized Gothic, which seems from his drawings to be natural and rather pretty, while the interior (given in section) is particularly meritorious. This house might give a useful hint for colonial building. The surrounding farm buildings follow suit. At Copenhagen, too, the adaptation of Gothic to modern house building has taken root, with here a very pronounced infusion of early French forms, which may be easily explained by Danish preferences for France, and hatred for everything German. The new Town Hall of Elsinore (in brick and red granite) possesses some original character. As, however, *more suo*, M. Narjoux does not tell us who was its architect, that gentleman stands deprived of his fair share of fame. A rather good central fire-place in the life-boat station at Elsinore is given in one of the woodcuts.

Turning to ecclesiastical architecture M. Narjoux appreciates the original genius, while he does not forget the name, of M. Cuypers, who has made proof of his capacity for handling Gothic in the remarkable churches which he has built for the Roman Catholics of Holland—i.e. for a minority, between a third and two-fifths, of the population of that country. The Church of the Sacred Heart at Amsterdam is a very clever and, we should think, successful compromise between the oblong and the circular type. A short nave of three bays is fringed, in lieu of aisles, with three apsidal chapels on each side, the middle one being the largest, so that the ground plan of this portion of the building is approximately a circle. The nave opens into a vast octagonal lantern with the four cardinal sides longer than the diagonal ones, each of the latter opening into a small apsidal chapel; while the north and south main arches open into six-sided apsidal transepts struck on a semicircle. The choir of two bays is also flanked with apsidal chapels and itself ends in a five-sided apse. It will thus be seen that, whilst in the view from west to east the longitudinal arcade is the leading feature, every other feature recalls a round church. The auditorium is very spacious, while the disposition of the altars places them well in sight. The windows are generally rather broad lancets, and the lantern terminates in four principal and four smaller secondary gables, out of which springs an octagonal belfry story supporting a spire of the same form. The building is vaulted throughout; the vaults, being composed of hollow bricks, are very light. M. Narjoux seems to have overlooked a previous church which M. Cuypers built in Amsterdam on the minster type, which is noticeable for its double triforium.

A church in the *Ægidien Stadt*, Hanover, as to which M. Narjoux forgets to tell us either the architect or the body which is to use it, seems to combine as many faults of composition as can be well crammed into one building. There is nothing to be said against the plan of a nave and narrow aisles with transverse arches to the latter between the bays. But the nave roof is horrible. On the square abaci of the early French capitals rest heavy vertical beams, and from these spring at two heights a straight and a curved strut bearing a huge tie-beam. Then each pair of these tie-beams carries a transverse barrel vault, apparently made of brick. So actually, not only is wood introduced supporting brick, but the central vista is composed of a range of heavy transverse barrel vaults, like segments of sewers, cutting athwart the line of sight.

M. Oppler's new synagogue at Hanover not only has the ground plan of a cruciform, aisled, and apsidal church, but it carries out the general symbolism of Christian architecture in its Gothic details and its gabled transepts. If those for whom it was built saw no harm in this treatment we have no right to criticize. The aisles contain galleries, and are externally lighted by two tiers of pairs of two-light, round-headed windows, with sexfoiled circles on the heads under semicircular discharging arches. The chief feature of the south transept (supposing the building rightly to orientate) is a large rose window, the crossing surmounted by an eight-sided dome upon an octagonal gabled tambour, lighted externally with rose windows in each bay, while the inner dome has twelve sides with a quasi-window of two lights and a circle in the head in each side. Oddly, the chief decoration, visible all down the building, of the blank wall over the end apse is a huge trefoil containing a pentalpha—whether as a painted window or a sculptured panel, the woodcut leaves in doubt. The entrance is flanked by octagonal turrets with spirelets. M. Narjoux assumes that "the Hebrew worship, after the lapse of three thousand years, requires no modification of the arrangement according to which the Temple of Solomon was built"; by which it would seem that he has never realized the fact that the worship of the Temple was conducted by priests and involved sacrifices, while

that of the Synagogue has no sacrifices and needs no priests, but only the voice of the reader.

M. Narjoux is, upon the whole, complimentary to that early work of Sir Gilbert Scott—the church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg—which came to our countryman after an international competition consequent on the old one having been burned in 1842; although, with a Frenchman's predilection for his own early style, his sympathies for a German Middle-Pointed are very limited. Very oddly he uses "Saxon" to signify English architecture of the fourteenth century. Another church, which he describes as in course of construction in the same place, must stand in the strongest contrast to Sir Gilbert Scott's work. This one—which is destined for the use of the Roman Catholics of Hamburg—must obviously have an architect, but none is named, although M. Narjoux praises the design above its artistic deserts. The plan is cruciform, with western steeple, nave of three bays, transepts projecting a bay beyond the aisles, and a square-ended choir of three aisled bays, and a bay beyond. The details are savagely heavy for a modern church, although our author finds a "family likeness" between this one and "some French churches." They comprise massive quadripartite vaulting, unchamfered arches, square chamfered piers, a clumsy combination of triforium and clerestory, and a sparsely pierced plate-traceried rose for east window. M. Narjoux enters into statements to show that the system of vaulting here adopted is very simple and reasonable as to the points of "support," while the dimensions of the arches "have been carefully adjusted, so as to enable them to sustain the weight to be laid upon them." This may be true, while at the same time the general design oppresses the imagination. All these constructive advantages are consistent with more graceful details.

WON.*

THE writer of this novel is not fortunate in the choice of names. There is something unpleasant and startling in having a monosyllable which has no particular connexion with anything in the book that it heralds hurled into one's face; it has something of the effect of an unexpected blow, and in that sense may be said, no doubt, to be striking. The attention is likely to be caught by the use of such a title, but it is probable that the person whose eye is arrested by it as he looks down a list of advertisements will be rather irritated than attracted. The author of *Won* need not be much blamed for adopting an evil fashion, which has prevailed for a long time, in putting an absurd name on the outside of a book; but it is a little too much that the most important person introduced to us in the inside should be called Pearl Gray. At least the reader should be informed in what fit of mad waggishness the heroine's sponsors bestowed this name or allowed it to be bestowed upon the heroine. However, having become lawfully possessed of this name, the least Miss Gray could do was to show that it had been given her in a spirit of prophecy, and that she was indeed a pearl of great price. The first indication of her having all the qualifications proper to a heroine, and a heroine with such a label of virtue attached to her, is given on the occasion of her visiting a circus in Hamburg in company with the Steinmann family, whose governess she is, and an Englishman, Mr. Carlton, who is staying in the town. A pretty little girl, who is going through the usual business of jumping through paper hoops, misses her leap and falls, upon which Miss Gray makes her way into the ring, and lifts "in tender arms the lifeless form of poor little Isidora." The ringmaster explains to the bystanders that the accident is of a trifling kind. "Such mistakes are very annoying nevertheless, and shall not be tolerated," continued the manager in a lower tone, and as he spoke he switched his long whip in a horribly suggestive manner. Here one may pause to wonder what grounds the author has for the accusation of brutality which is more than once brought against circus managers. If there is one thing established, as far as evidence can establish it, about the ways and manners of what is called "the equestrian profession," it is that its members are, as a rule, remarkable for good nature, and have discovered that kindness goes further than harshness in teaching. There may, of course, be exceptions; but it is hardly fair on the part of a novelist to brand a class with a fault rarely found among its members. And it might have been well if the typical circus in *Won* had been distinguished by a name less like that of a well-known and respectable circus proprietor who is in the habit of travelling through Germany. However, it no doubt seemed necessary for the purposes of the novel that little Isidora Montalba, as she is called, should be exposed to great dangers and sufferings in the circus in order to throw a brighter halo round Miss Gray's adventurous rescue of her. The manager, strangely enough, seems rather glad to get rid of the girl, and Miss Gray has only to encounter the trifling difficulty of obtaining permission to carry her straight into Frau Steinmann's house. That the honest Frau should object to this, and be somewhat scandalized generally at Miss Gray's proceedings, does not appear to us so unreasonable as it is probably meant to appear. Her objections are overcome by the influence of Mr. Carlton, and the affair is ended by Miss Gray presently moving from the Steinmanns' house into a lodging, where she watches over her new charge. Under these circumstances, Mr. Carlton performs the duty which every properly-brought-up novel-reader will expect of

* *Won*. By the Author of "Jennie of the Prince's." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

him by falling in love with the governess, whom he has met before in England. Their courtship gives an opportunity for some pretty love scenes and some pleasant descriptions of life in Hamburg; and Carlton goes off to England with nothing to damp his and his betrothed's delight but the prospect of violent opposition from his mother, Lady Caroline, who, having married a business man for money, is bent on her son's wiping off the commercial stain by making a marriage for position.

Lady Caroline's anger and disappointment are as great as Hubert Carlton expects them to be; but he, braving them, goes off to see Miss Gray's guardian, Mr. Walton, a solicitor who lives in Gray's Inn, and discusses business arrangements with him. The most remarkable point about these is that Carlton gives in to his future wife's romantic desire to have nothing settled upon her, and that Mr. Walton does nothing to combat this childish proceeding beyond writing his ward a long letter of remonstrance, to which she pays no attention. The practised reader of fiction will hardly fail to conclude from this that in the end Carlton and his wife are reduced to poverty by his folly or fault, and he may also think that the author would have been wise to avoid giving an easy clue in the beginning of the book to what should come with a surprise at the end. However, although there is little room for astonishment at ruin overtaking Carlton, there are various surprises, not altogether ill managed, which accompany its arrival.

Mr. Walton and Hubert Carlton set out together for Hamburg, where the marriage is to take place, and, stopping on the way at Brussels, fall in with a certain Mrs. Moreton and her daughter Sybil, whom the reader has no difficulty in setting down as adventuresses, but who impose completely on Carlton; while Mr. Walton is so far influenced by them as to forget his usual cautious reserve, and tell them in detail the object of his visit to Hamburg. Meanwhile there has arrived at Hamburg, on a visit to his old master, a young painter, Claud Morel, whom, from his description, certainly ought to be, as he turns out to be, the hero proper of the book:—

Claud's eyes were clear blue and laughing; his hair abundant and curly; his skin fresh and fair as a Devonshire lass's; and his moustache (dare I say?) ruffled. Claud was a man of whom women whispered "Such a darling!" and of whom men spoke as "a jolly good fellow," which praise, though not of the most exalted, is particularly difficult to obtain, and well worth possessing.

It is perhaps needless to observe that Claud immediately falls in love with Miss Gray. What is more remarkable perhaps is that she turns out to be one of the few women who are not inclined to whisper of him "Such a darling," being so devoted to Carlton that she does not give a thought to any one else. Claud, by one of the mischances that happen in novels, is ignorant that Miss Gray is engaged, until, at a dance given shortly before the wedding, "in the last figure of the quadrille, Pearl, tripping across in the lady's chain, and feeling her fingers eagerly clasped and held in those of her lover, bent her head, raised his hand swiftly, and pressed it to her lips." Of course nobody observes this action but Claud, and he immediately goes out "into the bitter December night," and next morning leaves Hamburg.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton to England the epoch of surprises at which we have hinted begins. Some of them, as has been said, are not ill managed, but there are others which are very ill managed, or, rather, not managed at all. For instance, the reader has been led to regard Hubert Carlton as a pleasant man of education and cultivation, and now discovers that he never reads, and, delighting in coloured sporting prints, has no kind of taste or interest for his wife's artistic tendencies. At this point of the book the pleasant descriptions of Hamburg society are exchanged for far less successful descriptions of a society gathered together at Hastings, where the scheming Mrs. Moreton and her mysterious daughter preside over a fashionable school. One of the chief personages in this set is a certain Major McKenzie, who is an outrageously exaggerated caricature of Captain Woolcomb in Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip*, and whose object in life it soon becomes to make Miss Moreton his wife. This scheme Lady Caroline Carlton approves, and does her best to forward it, receiving McKenzie on terms of familiarity which are not sufficiently explained either by her having known his father or by her attempting to swindle him out of five hundred pounds. This incident may give some notion of the kind of thing which goes on in the society which the author has chosen to describe. It is certainly possible that there are Lady Carolines and Lady Basilisks in existence who are in some ways as mean and vulgar as those met with in the pages of *Wen*; but the vulgarity will hardly be of the precise kind there indicated. It would seem that the author has not been well advised in attempting to handle the dangerous weapon of satire, which is very apt to cut the fingers of one who takes it up without due knowledge. Major McKenzie is an almost impossible character; and there is a want of reality about the scheming mother and daughter. In Sybil indeed one may at first hope to find some clever drawing of character, but the hope is quickly removed. Just as Claud Morel is the typical artist, Sybil Moreton, who makes desperate love to him, throwing her arms suddenly round his neck and asking him to kiss her, is the typical murderess of modern fiction, adding to the usual attribute of splendid hair the unusual peculiarity of differently coloured eyes. As for Carlton, the ascendancy which she obtains over him requires more explanation than is given to it. His conversion into a villain of the meanest and most despicable kind is placed before the reader without being softened

by any such gradual development of character as might have made it seem possible; and when at the end we are told that his wife has "won" peace and content with him, we are disposed to think that her time has been sadly wasted. The style of the writing is disfigured by tiresome tricks—everybody has "a fine smile"—and such pieces of carelessness as calling Hubert's mother indifferently Lady Caroline and Lady Carlton. The best parts of the book are, to our thinking, found in the beginning, and we would recommend the writer in any further venture to stick to something that can be described, as the Hamburg life evidently is, from actual knowledge.

LENIENT'S SATIRE IN MEDIEVAL FRANCE.*

NEARLY twenty years have passed since the first edition of M. Lenient's book appeared and received the honour of *couronnement* at the hands of the Academy. During that time the work of investigation into the older French literature has made constant, if rather irregular, advances. The fancy for reprints of rare books which distinguished the Empire increased as time went on, and was hardly interrupted at all by the war. The volumes of the *Histoire Littéraire* have made steady progress; and quite recently the formation of the Old French Text Society has given a fair prospect of seeing access to all the unprinted portion of French literature which is worth revival thrown open to the general student. During this time, too, certain literary idols have been attacked, if not overthrown. Students of Breton literature have had to decide between M. de la Villenarqué and M. Luzels; and on the other side of the Couesnon the identity and poetical performances of Olivier Basselin have come in for their share of questionings, more or less obstinate. But nothing has occurred to lessen the value of *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*, though its author has taken all due pains to bring it up to date; the whole form and plan of the book being such that by its faults as well as its merits it is able to retain a place on the shelf rather longer than most histories or sketches of literature. It is not strictly methodical in plan, and the author himself offers some apology for attempting the popular rather than the scientific. Indeed a rigid critic might fairly object that it is much more a history of French literature during a certain period, with special reference to its lighter forms, than a regular history of satire. The latter, to have been done thoroughly, must have been done in one of two ways. It must either have been divided under heads specifying the different satirical *genres* and giving the history and development of each, or have proceeded by subjects, dealing with satire on the Church, the Government, women, the nobility, and so forth. In taking, as M. Lenient has taken, the chief mediæval French authors in chronological order, it is almost impossible to avoid straying into discussions of portions of their work which cannot justly be called satirical. Still the other two plans, though more instructive to persons already fairly acquainted with French literature, would have been much less suited to those whose knowledge of it is but small, and we have no doubt that M. Lenient was, and is, quite right in presuming the latter to be the largest class. He has all the qualities required for the composition of a readable history of literature, inasmuch as with plenty of scholarship and critical power he appears to have a sobriety of judgment which excludes pedantry; and he is by no means prone to the exceedingly neat general theories which in some late books of the kind have shown themselves able to keep house with extreme and very misleading inaccuracies of detail. He should not, indeed, in a revised edition talk of the tournament of Trotenham, and his references to Homer, Blondel, the Courts of Love, and some other matters, may draw down on him the contempt of enthusiastic specialists. But his treatment of such questions as that of the *Chanson des Albigeois* and the Basselin controversy is all that could be wished in a book of general literature.

M. Lenient throughout his work lays considerable stress on the remarkable change which took place in the form and complexion of mediæval satire as manifested in the imaginary personages of which it successively made use. Renart, the personification of mere cleverness and non-moral energy, gives way to the Devil, whose chief characteristics are a spitefulness which is wanting to his predecessor and an ill-success which Renart would certainly be ashamed of. The Devil is said by modern moralizers to play with loaded dice; but in mediæval mysteries and fables the cogging is, we are sorry to say, usually on the side of heaven. It would be difficult to exceed the unfair dealing of Our Lady in most of her controversies with the ghostly enemy; and the only wonder is that Satan persisted in the unequal contest, instead of retiring in disgust. To the Devil succeeded Death; and with Death the series of stock allegorical personages ceases. But it is quite possible to make too much of these figures, which are mere accidents in the history of satire, and more properly concern that of allegory generally. Safer ground, as we have already pointed out, is the division of the chief subjects on which satire has exercised itself, and these have not varied much in all history. The treachery or fickleness of women, the oppression of the poor by the rich and the powerful, the abuses of great institutions in Church and State, national antipathies, and the like, have found exponents at all times, and the sum of this exposition is satire. In comparing from this point of view the two great divisions of

* *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*. Par C. Lenient. Paris: Hachette et Co. 1877.

early French literature—the Northern and the Southern—one is struck by the much larger infusion of the satiric spirit in the former. There are plenty of satirical utterances in Provençal poetry; but they are mostly personal, mere *lazzi*, destitute of the range and scope of satire proper. It is the North that gives birth to Renart, the North that produces the *fabliaux*, the North that turns the merely allegoric and amatory *Roman de la Rose* into a huge satirical epic; it is the North finally, to go beyond our present limits, which sends forth Gargantua and Pantagruel. Accordingly M. Lenient does not waste much time in Langue-doc; and, while there, busies himself chiefly with the invectives against Rome which the Albigensian dispute occasioned. Ruteboeuf gives him his first strikingly characteristic figure, and the sketch of this poet is unusually full. But the fifth chapter, devoted to the *fabliau*, is perhaps the best sample of the author's fitness for his task. We have hardly any good account in English of this most French of all French styles, the style which has led in its development to almost all that most distinguishes French literature. M. Lenient's sketch of its antecedents is fair, and his view of its principal personages excellent; indeed the five-and-twenty pages of this chapter would make a capital introduction to a selection of *fabliaux*, than which few literary undertakings would be more useful on our side of the Channel. No part of French literature possesses in a higher degree the peculiar recreating and amusing power which Mr. Morley once claimed for it.

From the *fabliau* to the moral allegory is a very natural transition, and the moral allegory of course brings us to the *Roman de la Rose*. Of the vast cycle of Renart M. Lenient's account is good, though he hardly refers at all to the very interesting and, one would have thought, inevitable subject of beast-stories in general. Then we have Jean de Meung and the rest of Philippe le Bel's paid men of letters. Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to the outbreak of indignation against the moneyed classes which distinguishes the fourteenth century and which culminates in *Bauduin de Sebourg*. The abstract of this latter curious composition, which unites the form and incidents of a romance of chivalry to the purpose of a moral satire, is particularly good. So also is the chapter on the final member of the great satiric cycle, *Renart le Contrefait*. This gigantic composition is the direct offspring of the original Renart on the one hand, and of the spirit which animates the later *Roman de la Rose* on the other. It has the beast-personages and the sharp, satirical sallies of the one, the allegories, the erudition out-of-place, and the tedious disquisition of the other. Moreover it has in addition a direct historical bearing and a tone of reforming determination which is not traceable to either. It would not be true to say that it is the first political satire in France; but it is by far the most considerable up to its date; and its connexion, not of course as cause but as symptom, with the Jacquerie which followed, is not doubtful. M. Lenient, however, might have quoted in the original words such a striking incident as the story of the Lady of Doche, who disinterred a vassal in order to strip her of her shroud. The Royalist and anti-English literature of the reigns of Charles V. and VI. comes in for much notice, together with that which the great schism excited. As an instance, however, of the somewhat indiscriminate treatment of which we have spoken, we may mention the notice of Christine de Pisan. In a history of French literature Christine of course deserves a large place; in a history of French satire one cannot help thinking that a very cursory notice would suffice. No such objection can be taken to the sections on Coquillart and Villon. The former is full and very good; as to the latter, which, for some reason or other has been dealt with both in France and England of late years until most people are tired of the name, M. Lenient's handling is judicious as far as it goes. The *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, the *Quinze joies du Mariage*, and the satirical preachers come next. We cannot agree with M. Lenient that the first-named book is of but mediocre importance in the history of satire. He probably means that its subjects had been frequently handled before, and this is true enough. But it can hardly be regarded as a matter of mediocre importance in the history of satire that the first book which exhibits French prose in a formed and polished condition should have been satirical in character.

The early theatre of course comes in for somewhat extensive notice. M. Lenient, however, does not, we think, attach full weight to the connection of mysteries as well as of farces with the *fabliau*. The great collection of *Miracles de la Vierge*, which is now in course of complete publication, shows this connection most clearly. The chapter on the shortlived political comedy of Gringoire and his like is decidedly interesting. It is perhaps a pity that the author, in his desire for completeness, went out of his way to deal with the architectural expression of mediæval satire, inasmuch as the subject cannot be dealt with satisfactorily in seven pages. Lastly, we have chapters on the satirical use of the Last Judgment and of the personification of Death, as well as on the Feast of Fools, and other suchlike ceremonies. These latter, like the architectural grotesques, would perhaps have been better omitted. But this is merely to say, as we have already said, that the method of the book is not the best conceivable; it is not the less an exceedingly good history of literature. The fault of most histories of literature is that the author is either unequal to the task of criticism, or that he does not choose to fit himself for the humbler task of analysis. M. Lenient has a distinct critical faculty, and he has very rarely spared himself the trouble of giving a sufficient account of the thing criticised. Hence his book has a value quite

independent of its special design, and may be read with equal profit and pleasure by any one who desires either to obtain a fair idea of early French literature, or to extend such an idea as he may already possess.

SEEMANN'S MYTHOLOGY OF GREECE AND ROME.*

IT is well generally to allow authors and translators to explain their reasons for undertaking their work. In this case the motive alleged by the translator and publishers is the long felt "want of a book which should give a clear and readable account of these legends, for Dictionaries of Mythology do not give a view of the subject as a whole; and the price of most other works on the Greek and Roman Myths would prevent their being used as class-books." Further, it is pleaded that "the works of art in our galleries and museums require a certain amount of knowledge of the mythology of the Greeks and Romans for the full appreciation of their subjects"; and that, without this knowledge, no one can understand fully what is meant by "Herculean strength," "chimerical expectations," or "a tantalized man." Lastly, the book is illustrated with sixty-four "cuts after some of the masterpieces of ancient art," some of these, however, being representations of the works of modern sculptors.

The insertion of these engravings may tend both to attract and to satisfy readers; but the obtaining of solid benefit from their study must depend on the quality of the food set before them. Whether the want which this volume is intended to supply be really so great as it is here said to be is perhaps doubtful. We should be tempted to say that Mr. Murray's book is better; and that the Greek and Roman mythology, along with Aryan mythology generally, has been treated in a still smaller space in Sir G. W. Cox's *Manual of Mythology*. After all that has been done to bring before ordinary readers the results of the researches of comparative mythologists during the present century, the question is whether the publication of any book on the subject, even though it may be ornamented with pictures, is now justified which does no more than might well have been done in the days of Lemprière and Bryant, and far less than what was actually done by Keightley. That most painstaking and accurate writer felt that a knowledge of the bare details of mythology without some insight into their meaning was worth nothing, and the subject itself either unattractive or repulsive. But during the last thirty years a vast deal has been thought and written about Greek, Roman, and other mythology; nor is it too much to say that, although the science of comparative mythology is still growing, its broad principles have been established by general agreement. The researches which have led to the acceptance of those principles have imparted new life and new beauty to traditions which otherwise we might well regard with impatient weariness. It is not pleasant to feed on husks and chaff. We have lately had to speak of a conscientious effort to examine one small portion of the wide field of Greek mythology. Mr. Brown's volume on the great Dionysiac Myth (see *Saturday Review*, August 11, 1877) is a treatise addressed strictly to scientific readers; but we may at least say that any treatment of the subject which is non-scientific is at the present day both out of place and out of date. We wish to know why such and such things should be; and with equal truth and justice Mr. Brown insists that

The Sphinx of Chios or the Gryphon of Teos would be as unimportant as the animals in a child's toy ark did they not contain a meaning and a history which excite curiosity and challenge investigation. Things in themselves signify but little; the reason of their use and existence is alone of real importance. We might as well, like a weary novelist, note down and tabulate the trivialities of daily life, as crowd the brain with fæets from antiquity merely regarded as dry facts. What matters it that Apollo had a bow or Athene an owl? Nothing. Who or what is Athene, what does she symbolize or signify, and why and how? This is her only important aspect, and in this respect every recorded detail of her myth, however slight, becomes replete with interest.

We have nothing more to do than to apply this test to Mr. Bianchi's translation of Herr Seemann's volume; and we may take some of the phrases or myths mentioned in the preface. If we turn to the account of Tantalus, we are told that as to the manner in which he lost his life and kingdom tradition leaves us in total obscurity. "The common story," it is added, "only relates his well-known punishment in the lower world, where, though surrounded by the most delicious fruits and standing up to his neck in water, he was nevertheless condemned to suffer the pangs of continual hunger and thirst." What is meant here by tradition and by the common story, and what is meant by Tantalus losing his life and kingdom? It looks much as if this were a harking back to the old notion that Tantalus was an historical personage; and in this sense it may be said that the tradition leaves us in darkness. Otherwise it is full and clear enough. But Herr Seemann does not even describe fairly the notion of the Odyssey, and if his readers knew nothing of the myth before, they might fairly wonder why Tantalus could not put forth his hand and pluck the fruits or stoop down to drink of the water. Nothing is said here of the water retreating or the fruits being scorched to powder if he ventured to approach them; in short, nothing is said to explain the meaning of the word "tantalize," still less is any hint given that the origin of the tale is to be found in the heat which,

* *The Mythology of Greece and Rome; with special reference to its Use in Art.* From the German of O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. London: Ward & Co.

if over-fierce, withers up the harvest of the earth, or turns to beds of gaping slime the watercourses on which it does his work.

What is told us about the Sphinx is even less satisfactory. Here the reader is allowed to suppose that the stupid conundrum about the legs of a man was the enigma which Œdipus was called upon to solve. He is also informed that "the origin of the myth of the Sphinx was not definitely known even to the ancients," the inference being that in all matters of comparative philology and mythology the ancients were incomparably better informed than any one can be nowadays. He is further told that the Sphinx was "probably a religious symbol of the Egyptians, which was transferred to Greece, and subsequently underwent a change of meaning." If this means anything, it means that Sphinx is an Egyptian word, which the Greeks borrowed and misinterpreted. Professor Max Müller and M. Bréal have shown in vain that, whether as Sphinx or in the Hesiodic form Phix, it is pure Greek. After this it is scarcely necessary to say that no attempt is made to show in the myth of Œdipus why Iokaste should slay herself or why Œdipus should put out his own eyes, and, after his long wanderings, find a refuge in the grove of the Eumenides. The reader is not even told to notice the points of likeness between the story of Œdipus and the tales related of Cyrus, Romulus, Telephos, Paris, and a host of others who, exposed and disgraced in childhood, are nevertheless men born to be great. So with the Amazons, we are told rightly enough that the story of the removing of the right breast "obviously originated in a misconception of their name"; but it is added that the name is certainly not of Greek origin. There can be little doubt, or none, that it corresponds precisely to Adelphos, and that we have a word of exactly similar origin in the Athenian festival of the Apatouria. After the same fashion the reader is informed that the dreadful features of the avenging Erinyes belonged to the original conception of these beings, and that "subsequently they appear in a milder and more kindly guise." So far, then, as Herr Seemann is concerned, the labour of Professors Max Müller and Kuhn has been thrown away, and no hint is given that the word and the idea of Erinyes were known to another people besides the Greeks, that the discovery and the punishment of crime belonged likewise to the Vedic Saranyu, but that Saranyu nevertheless is the bright and lovely dawn which creeps along the sky, bringing to light the hidden things of darkness. It would be well for Mr. Bianchi's readers if they could learn from Professor Max Müller's *Chips* that, "Instead of our lifeless and abstract expression, 'A crime is sure to be discovered,' the old proverbial and poetical expression was, the Dawn, the Erinyes, will bring it light. Crime itself was called in the later mythologizing language the Daughter of Night, and the avenger therefore would only be the Dawn. Was not the same Dawn called the bloodhound? Could she not find the track of the cattle stolen from the gods? She had a thousand names in ancient language because she called forth a thousand different feelings in ancient hearts." Until we know something of this the myth of the Erinyes remains but as a collection of dead bones. As our eyes are opened to its real nature, the living thing creates a living interest; but from Herr Seemann's pages we should as little learn that there was anything in old mythology thus to appeal to us as the Pilgrim of Love who, in Washington Irving's exquisite story, finds that he wants something which appeals more to the heart than algebra is likely to learn from the withered sage Ibn Bon-abbén that he has a heart at all.

Sisyphus, Ixion, Sarpedon, and Hephestus are personages who might excite the curiosity of the student not less than the Sphinx, or the Erinyes, or Tantalus. Here he will only learn that Sisyphus was a wicked king of Corinth, "who was condemned to roll a block of stone up a high mountain, which, on reaching the top, always rolled down again to the plain"; and that Ixion, "a not less insolent offender, was bound hand and foot to an ever-revolving wheel." But no hint is given of the meaning of the name Sisyphus, or of the close analogy of his punishment with that of Ixion, or Tantalus, or many other mythical beings. Of Sarpedon nothing more is said than that he was the son of Europa; and the reader is left ignorant of the beautiful legend of the hero who comes from the gleaming Lykian land with its golden stream of Xanthus, who dies in his bright youth, leaving Glaukus to avenge him, and whose body, borne by Sleep and Death, is placed at his own threshold, where he returns to life at the flush of early morning. Of Hephestus Herr Seemann contents himself with saying that he was so lame and ugly that his mother in shame "cast him from heaven into the sea." We may be forgiven for thinking that some interest might be imparted to this dull story by turning to the Vedic fire-god Agni, who, puny at his birth and with his legs curiously twisted, attains soon to invincible majesty and power.

But, if the rest of the book is dry, there is much in the Introduction that is puzzling. Here we are told that "gods endowed with frames like those of mortals must necessarily be born in the same way and develop gradually both in mind and body." But in the next sentence we read that "here everything proceeds with the utmost rapidity." For instance, the new-born Hermes rises from his cradle "to steal the cattle of Apollo," and thus we seem to have an instance of a development which is not gradual. We turn to the detailed account of Hermes, and there find to our surprise that he is the god of the fertilizing rain (p. 63). We look to see whether anything is said of the mode in which his theft is executed, and of his passing through the keyhole on returning to the Kyllenian cave; but of course these points are passed in silence, although the bard of the Hymn gives the clue to the whole

myth by comparing this act to the soft breeze of harvest-tide. Nor is a hint given that the subtle, peering, prying Hermes is actually called the Master Thief by the poet of the so-called Homeric Hymn. Our surprise is not lessened as we go on to read in this introduction that the Hellenic gods are "naturally far superior to men," as standing higher morally. "They shun," we are told, "all that is evil, impure, and unjust"; but, wonderful to say, "this does not prevent their giving way to every description of vice and folly, such as deceit, lying, hatred, cruelty, jealousy," &c. This is altogether beyond us; but the wonder becomes the greater when we are informed elsewhere that "there was nothing further from the intention of the Greeks" than to represent Zeus, who is one of the deities that give way to every description of vice, "as a sensual and lascivious being." We scarcely know whether in reading this we are to forget the story of Hêrê and the Cestus in the fourteenth book of the *Iliad*, or whether Herr Seemann means to say that the selfish, unjust, and heathen god of the poet is one thing and that the righteous deity whom Eumæus worships is another. If so, it would have been better to say this plainly; and then we should have one result of the scientific analysis for which in other parts of this book we look in vain. But it is more likely, we fear, that the author is satisfied with language which simply contradicts itself, and cares not to contrast the movements of Hermes with those of his rival Apollo. We might go on to speak of the meagre account given of Athênê; but the task would be superfluous. We have said enough to show that, except for the engravings which enrich it, there is little to justify the publication of the work in this country, and that in promoting the study of mythology it is likely to do far more harm than good.

POEMS OF PLACES.*

ALTHOUGH quite prepared to indorse in special cases Mr. Longfellow's recorded experience that "he has always found the poets his best travelling companions," and to admit generally their insight into many things invisible to common eyes, we must say that not seldom, owing to the exigencies of space, metre, or pervading thought, a poet's description of any place or scenery fails to bring out its features so clearly and vividly as a writer of descriptive prose. It would be the best of advice, no doubt, to a young tourist to explore the Trossachs with the *Lady of the Lake* in his pocket; but then it would be found that Scott, as we noticed lately in comparing the scene of a murder in the *Fortunes of Nigel* with the handbook account of it, was just as vivid in his prose descriptions; and a perusal of this collection of *Poems of Places* certainly confirms the impression that the gift of conveying to others a lively insight into the charm of landscape is no more necessarily the faculty of the poet than of the prose topographer, be he writer of fiction, essayist, or historian. For instance, to take the examples selected by Longfellow, whilst no one will gainsay that Michael Drayton's lines on the "Lincolnshire Fens," beginning "The toiling fisher here is towing of his net" (see vol. i. p. 341), are so apt and eloquent that prose could not add or enhance a single feature, yet, if we turn to the New Forest, we do not find in any of the poetry about it from Southey to Kingsley ought to remind us so keenly of the *genius loci* as several passages in Mr. Blackmore's *Craddock Novell*, a prose idyl to be read again and again. Culborne, Clovelly, Watersmeet, and Dartmoor are, with one or two exceptions, far more graphically illustrated by such naturalists as Mr. F. G. Heath in his *Fern World*, and again by the late Oliver Madox Brown in his *Dwale Bluth*, than by poets such as the late Dean Alford; and, to take another and a copious example, notwithstanding the vast range of poetry on London and the Thames in their various aspects, we know nothing in poetry more true or touching than the conversation of Helen Digby and Leonard Fairfield in *My Novel*, as the wanderers sat and gazed Londonward from under the shade of a pollard tree on the Brent bank. "And so this London is really very vast? Very?" he repeated inquisitively. "Very," answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast, very strong"; and, she added, after a pause, "very cruel!" Here, in a sentence or two, we have the pith of all the moralizings of Wordsworth and Cowper, Gay and Samuel Johnson, and a great deal more than finds expression in the anonymous ballad of "Dick Whittington," Julia Dorr's "Bell of St. Paul's," Thornbury's "Temple Bar," and several other makeweights introduced into this collection. There is something vulgar in the reproduction of such a "shoppy" poem as Robert Leighton's "Poets' Corner," containing, as if it were a poetic catalogue of Madame Tussaud's waxworks, such lines as "Beaumont of the firm of B. and F. is here," and

Gray of the famous elegy, who found
His churchyard in the country rather lonely.

In such poetry as that in which Wordsworth introduces

Among the crowd all specimens of men
Through all the colours which the sun bestows
And every character of form and face,

* *Poems of Places*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

the pictorial element is, indeed, used with tact and versatility, and in Mr. Matthew Arnold's "East London" and "West London" chords are struck of a more human and pathetic character; yet we should fancy that a good deal which Mr. Longfellow has reprinted might have been omitted in favour of selections from either series of *Songs of Two Worlds*, the productions of a poet with sympathies quickened to the sad problems of London life. Of course it would have been the most serious of omissions to leave out several of the scraps in which the poets have described London taverns, from Beaumont at the "Mermaid" to Mr. Tennyson's inimitable "O, plump head-waiter at the 'Cock'"; and the editor has done well in giving liberal space to Mr. Frederick Locker's *vers de société* on Rotten Row, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street. In traversing the last he is certainly our fittest companion when

At dusk, as I am strolling there,
Dim forms will rise around me;
Old Pepys creeps past me in his chair,
And Congreve's airs astound me!
And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young sprite,
Looked kindly when I met her;
I shook my head, perhaps—but quite
Forgot to quite forget her.

But perhaps the pocket-companion of the tourist or pedestrian needs to be observant rather than profound and didactic. "Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur" should be the test of his acceptance; and, judged by such a test, a good many pieces (shall we say it?) of Wordsworth and Southey would have to be excluded; a good many more of Lisle Bowles, Henry Alford, Ebenezer Elliott, and John Kenyon; nor should we be surprised if from the "scrinia reclusa" of more obscure poets there might be unearthed livelier substitutes for the vacant places thus thrown open. That this might well be so will not seem strange to those who note how much more of genuine nature there is, after all, in a piece by a minor poet (H. Glassford Bell), "In Dovedale," than in Wordsworth's "Lucy and the Springs of Dove," though the figures and images of that brief poem have an unquestionable claim to poetry and pathos. Amongst the pieces from Wordsworth which we would not exclude are "The Wishing-Gate at Grasmore" (272), "Hart Leap Well" (294), "The Yew Trees of Lorton Vale" (i. 424), and such local touches as best associate him with the Lake school and scenery. Of Southey we could not afford to miss several pretty passages in his retrospect of Corston, the scenery of his early school days (i. 164-6), or the livelier ballads (vol. ii. 127 and 136), which keep alive the legends of the Well of St. Keyne and St. Michael's Chair in Cornwall. In the samples of Lisle Bowles which the editor has introduced there are, of course, some which have more truth to nature and more faithfully reproduce local associations than others; but we own we stand aghast at reading his lines on the restoration of Malmesbury Abbey, picturing it as having

Put on a shapely state again
Almost august as in its early day,

describing the organs, the choral chant, and the imploring litanies, and giving the rein to his fancy, which led him to far-fetched exaggerations of fact. Though all lovers of church architecture must feel a deep interest in Malmesbury, few would say that its services in Bowles's day faintly approached the grandeur and solemnity he depicts, and fewer still would allow that the work of reparation is yet even "almost" complete or august, though the work might be one as worthy and as glorious as that of restoring Tewkesbury Abbey. Nor can we say that we are much more struck with the success of the same poet's verses on the Radnorshire valley of Cwm Elan, near Rhayader, though in this case the editor may have prejudiced us against the poet by rechristening the home of an early love of the poet Shelley, Harriet Grove, "Coombe Ellen," *vice* Cwm Elan. Though the Nantgwilt valley in which it lies was unfrequented till of late by tourists, it was a favourite haunt of Shelley, who for some time resided at Nantgwilt, and was visited there by the humorist Peacock. Our fault with Bowles's lines is that they fail to image the sublimity of the scenery, and reflect but vaguely the black and bottomless pool of Pont-rhyll-fan, at the bottom of the most striking cataract of the Elan. There is no denying, however, that on the whole Mr. Longfellow has applied himself to his task with commendable tact and success. We can forgive a jar upon our loyalist ears as we read in an anonymous poem on Chester (i. 150) a kind of crop-eared congratulation over the issue of the "fray"—

When grapple! Puritan and Cavalier
And sunk a traitor's throne on Rowton Moor,

in consideration of the zeal and affection with which are cherished such reminiscences as those of Cowper, in Mrs. Browning's "Stanzas on Cowper's Grave at East Dereham" (pp. 189-92, vol. i.):—

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

It is rather remarkable, by the way, to note how many of the more spirited "poems of places" in this collection are the offspring of female brains and fancy. A woman's heart quickly grasps the stirring theme, and readily leaps to the pith and point of it. Thus there is perhaps no poem in the two volumes more worthy of notice than the late Menella Smedley's "Wives of Brixham," which first appeared in those charming pages *Poems Written for a Child*. With them we may classify Miss Jean

Ingelow's touching ballad of the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571" (i. 336-341), the true tale of the Enderby Bells:—

When rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eyre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about,—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

Those who have ever witnessed the phenomenon of the bore in the Severn will read with interest the destruction which, under another name and other conditions, it is recorded to have wrought in Lincolnshire. There are two other noteworthy poems in the second volume—"In Swanage Bay," by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and Caroline Bowles Southey's "Greenwood Shrift," an anecdote of Windsor Forest, and "a reminiscence of the simple piety and goodness of George the Third." The incident of the first poem is the consequence of thoughtless disobedience in the children of a Dorsetshire fisherman; the second shows the readiness of the good old King at an emergency to minister to the spiritual needs, and close the dying eyes, of a Windsor Forest pauper. One wonders that anyone should set in competition with poems like these such would-be archaic poetry as that of William Crowe, the author of *Levesdon Hill*, a sometime poet of repute and University Professor of poetry, who in his best-known piece records how, before the autumnal rains make the turf like a sponge,

The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil
Re-chasing, lest his tender ewes should coath
In the dank pasturage.

A note informs us that "re-chasing" = "changing pasture," and that "to coath" is to become distempered; but to our thinking a *sine qua non* of admission to a handy-book of "poems of places" ought to be the absence of affected archaisms or dialectic peculiarities. In Chaucer and Spenser, and now and then in Drayton—the first two represented here sparingly, the third, as was meet, so frequently that the editor fancifully apologises for the risk of his rivers turning the pages of the work into a morass—we of course expect to find contemporary phrases and orthography. In the Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, two of whose poems, "Pentridge by the River" and "My Orchat in Linden Lea," find appropriate place in these volumes, the charm of their intrinsic natural poetry atones for the dialect, and goes far to conquer the difficulty of becoming familiarized with it.

Among the happiest contributors to these poems, we must notice in passing the name of Robert Stephen Hawker, who, whatever the tricks of his somewhat vagrant and eccentric fancy, or the almost incredible hoaxes which, if one of his biographers is to be believed, he passed off as patristic learning, displayed an almost unequalled talent for throwing the scenery of Cornwall and Devon into ballads and songs that will live in the memory. His "Silent Bell of Botreaux," a legend bound up with Tintagel, with its musical sub-aquean refrain; his "Sisters of Glen Nectan," a waterfall in the same locality; the "Gate Song of Stowe," relating to King Charles and Sir Beville Grenville; these and the sweet and plaintive melody of his "Tamar Spring" are his own genuine poetry, if (as seems to have escaped Mr. Longfellow) "The Song of the Western Men" was simply a patchwork to the remnant of an old Cornish ballad. In a somewhat kindred vein with Hawker's ballads is that of a kindred spirit and West-country man, Mortimer Collins—"The Ballad of Eleanor," by which alone he is here represented. Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" is also given; and it is superfluous to add that in their proper places will be found Macaulay's "Spanish Armada," and his perhaps less known "Naseby Field." One cannot but regard it as a posthumous stroke of the "misery which makes strange bed-fellows" that this collection involves the grouping of ballad-writers so unequal in fancy and taste as either of the four last mentioned and Walter Thornbury, who, however, is copiously introduced, perhaps because he sowed with a full sack. Most of his ballads are characterized by a stilted want of ease that jars upon the reader; but none is in worse taste than that vulgar and utterly un-Oxonian piece of versified slang, which the editor must have admitted by inadvertence, entitled "Smith of Mauldin." The hero of it is supposed to soliloquize from his coffin before the lid is screwed down. Elsewhere Mr. Longfellow has perhaps admitted poems of places which erred in accuracy of detail, as where Dr. Bigsby imagines himself seeing Tutbury from Repton. But there is no other outrage to any "genius loci" approaching this. As to the poems of places in Wales, they scarcely strike us as so successful as the English, although Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Shakespeare, Lisle Bowles, Dyer, and the ever-available Drayton are introduced in supplement to the birds whom it has been thought necessary to translate. Mrs. Hemans, too, has some souvenirs of her home in the Vale of Clwyd, as might be expected, enshrined in this collection; and we suspect that "G. Barrow," who figures as translator of two bardic snatches—"Rhayadr" and "Snowdon"—must be a misprint for "Borrow," the author of "Wild Wales." The latest bard in the second volume, a genuine Welsh poet and antiquary of remarkable research, culture, and poetic talent in his day, Mr. Lewis Morris, the author of the "Cuckoo Song of Merioneth," is an example of the hereditary transmission of poetic talent, seeing that his descendant in the third generation has won himself a name amongst our rising English poets.

BLUE ROSES.*

THE author of *Blue Roses* makes almost too frequent use of a saying of M. Alphonse Karr about "la rose bleue que l'on rêve, mais que l'on ne cueille jamais." The reviewer's blue rose is a novel which shall give him the unusual luxury of hearty and almost unqualified praise. When are we to have a new story written with artistic care, a story about new scenes and a new kind of people, free from the old stock incidents, not composed in accordance with the conventional views of life, and, lastly, pleasant to read? The latest attempt of the author of the *Hôtel du Petit St. Jean* very nearly combines all these qualities. We have nothing but praise for the pains which have been bestowed on it; so that it is, with such slight drawbacks as may afterwards need to be mentioned, really a work of art, in which every detail is carefully studied, and all contribute in due subordination to the general effect. There is here a sense of the proportions of things and an unsparing rejection of what is superfluous. One might say—and how rarely can it be said—that there is not a page of padding in the two volumes which tell the story of Helen Malinofska's marriage. Again, the scenes and characters, or at least the chief characters and the most impressive scenes, are new. Polish conspirators of the old sort are among the commonplaces of fiction, while Polish scamps of humorous wickedness are not more rare than virtuous exiles. But in *Blue Roses* the author has been able to see the people of that unfortunate nation as they are. Her counts and countesses are, in short, civilized people, with the wants and weaknesses of civilization, and with a wild, chivalrous temperament, who find themselves in an unprecedented dilemma between the weight of Russia on the one side and the unwelcome alliance of desperate revolutionists on the other. If these characters are fresh, and most interesting in their comparative prosperity, the description of their sad, shiftless lives in poverty and exile is even more strange and impressive.

Here, then, are two or three of the conditions that go to make up the rare flower of literature; here are novelty, truth, artistic conscience, and care. Nor is a broad and worthy view of life absent. The greatest merit of this story is the manner in which many threads, sad or glad-coloured, of human experience are interwoven; so that the whole fabric is shot, as it were, with the shifting hues of real existence. Happy lovers and lovers bereaved, young people and the old who see and feel life dimly, unconcerned spectators and passionate sympathizers, cross each other's paths quite naturally, just as they do in the world of every day. To have secured this effect without either blurring the edges of the picture or concentrating too much light on the central characters is an achievement of which any writer might be proud. And yet it must be said that *Blue Roses* is not the blue rose of fiction. For the really successful novel, in addition to all the qualities which we have gladly recognized in the work before us, must be pleasant to read. This does not mean, of course, that it must "end well." Perhaps the very best novels of all do make that concession to the weakness of humanity; but others, like the *Bride of Lammermoor*, can afford to dispense with a smooth conclusion. The author of *Blue Roses* would possibly have done well not to end her story at all, but to leave the ill-mated husband and wife with a future of tedium, trouble, and ultimate acceptance of life on a low level of achievement and desire. That sort of absence of an ending was not impossible, though certain readers might think it more dreary than the death-bed scene and final close of a tragedy. However that may be, the fault of *Blue Roses* is the exceeding abundance of the tragic. The irony of fate is all very well in a drama, but it must be cautiously introduced in a novel. Here we have far too much of it. We are never allowed to suppose that Princess Helen Malinofska, with her passionate nature and absolute dependence on human love, can be otherwise than miserable with the coarse-grained Englishman whom she marries. Through all the tale the author, disguised as Chorus, appears too frequently with dismal little reminders of the vanity of hope. The constant iteration of the keynote is the chief flaw in the art of the book, while trouble is ever near, and throws a shadow over the very pretty picture of the heroine's joyous and triumphant youth.

The plot of *Blue Roses* is simple enough, and the author has not disdained one or two of the well-worn *ficelles* of fiction, if we may imitate her trick of using French words. To begin before the beginning, a certain Sir Vicary Baldwin, of Iflehay in Dampshire, a squire of no great estate, has two sons, Humphrey and Francis. Born to him late in life, these children are the more precious because, but for them, Iflehay would go to the "Cockney" Baldwins, a solicitor and his son Frederick. There is a good deal of subdued humour in the picture of Sir Vicary and his Dampshire home. He is just the swearing, cross-grained, semi-paralytic old gentleman whom Miss Broughton would have turned into ridicule with coarse and diverting cruelty. The author of *Blue Roses* remembers that even a proane old Baronet is, after all, a vertebrate animal; and that pity, love, and regret are not alien even to his obscure existence. To go on with the story, Francis, the younger son, gets a commission in the Austrian service; and, after a career of scrapes and adventures, falls in love at Carlsbad with the beautiful Helen Malinofska. Just when the pair understand each other, news comes that the elder son of Sir Vicary, Humphrey, has been drowned in the attempt to save

some shipwrecked fishermen. The suit of the young Englishman, who is now freed from his most pressing troubles, is not accepted at once by the guardians of Helen. The lovers meet again after a year, and as Helen's friends have reason to fear that she may imbibe a fanatical patriotism and imperil her future in the troubles of Poland, she is allowed to marry Frank Baldwin. The change from her Continental life to decorous Dampshire, where it always rains, where Frank is absolutely idle, where the wet afternoons are "like deserts to cross," is described with much feeling. Here is a specimen of the way in which Helen astonished her husband's family while showing them her album of photographs:—

"There," she cried, triumphantly pointing to a picture of a very young girl standing in the snow, with her hand on a large dog. "There! That is Marie Maladetska, the daughter of the richest man in Podolia; and that is her husband, Count Ronko, a little ugly, humpback, sickly man. He was not always like that, but he was so clever, and he was exiled for his opinions. Before starting for Siberia he got permission to take leave of his friends. He went to the *château* where the Maladetski lived, and bade them all farewell. He kissed all the ladies' hands, and said, 'Pray for the exile'; and when he came to Marie, who was only seventeen, the youngest, and so the last in the room, he took her hand also, but she rose up, and said, 'I will marry you, and follow you to Siberia: you shall not go alone.' Imagine the grief and surprise of her family! He fell at her feet to thank her. There was a priest in the house, and they were married at once; and then by a special favour she was allowed to go with him, and in the same carriage. They were not many years in Siberia, but his health was destroyed, and she now nurses him like an angel."

"Who is that?" asked Sarah, pointing to a most unearthly-looking person.

"Oh, such a strange woman! She is an inconsolable widow, half-paralysed now, who has fitted up a room for herself in the vault where her husband is buried, and lived there, till she was quite *perdue* with rheumatism."

"Heigho! what a wonderful devotion!" said Frank.

"Yes, and they were not all happy while he lived. He tried poisons on everyone, and, they say, on her; and at last by mistake he poisoned himself. But, even without the poisons, *c'était un mari qui avait tous les torts*."

As Helen herself was "stored with passion and tenderness and imagination enough to bewilder any man, and was quite capable of repeating in her own experience a dozen of those strange dramas which she repeated to her mother-in-law," she naturally found Dampshire rather dull. The Polish insurrection, too, broke out; and while Helen's English relations, being Tories, were for that time on the side of Russia, her Polish relations, being titled people, were tortured to death by "red" revolutionists. Her surviving relatives had to fly in disguise from their estates, and were starving in Paris, while Frank Baldwin, a selfish and coarse person, with no sort of enthusiasm in his nature, forbade his wife to send money to her mother and brother. Nor was this the only cause of quarrel. In an early page of the story Frederick Baldwin, the cousin of Frank, and son of the evangelical solicitor, was introduced in the act of losing what he called his heart to a pretty, stout German girl, an opera-singer named Delphine. Frederick Baldwin, with his vanity and musical affections, was admirably sketched, and so was Delphine, a kind of Teutonic Miss Fotheringay. The pair reappear rather too late in the tale; and, though they are married, Frederick dares not reveal the fact that he has wedded a "Papist." By a mistake, and by the malice of a gipsy girl, Helen is made to fancy that Delphine is an old love of her husband's. On the whole, she is so tormented by want of sympathy, jealousy, harsh treatment, and longing affection for her family, that she flies to Paris, where her brother, Prince Henry, is earning a scanty livelihood as an engine-driver. We are not asked to admire this act of passionate folly:—

Every heroine who respects herself leaves an *apologia* behind her, and Mrs. Baldwin's note was as silly as such effusions generally are. It left little unsaid of what was senseless, harsh, and ungrateful, and it ended by stating that she felt sure she should never regret having taken this step, and stood by her own family in their time of trouble.

Here another *ficelle* has to be used. The gipsy girl, with her false story and pompous rhetoric, was the first conventional character in the story. The conduct of Frederick Baldwin, who should have posted the letter in which Frank asked Helen to return, and who, to serve his private ends, tore it up and tossed it into the sea, is the second artifice of a familiar sort. As Helen never heard from her husband, and as she was too proud to write to him, the situation may be imagined. We have already praised the picture of the life of the Polish exiles in Paris. Even more wretched is the account of Helen's pain—"being so very wilful she must die"—and of the coldness and hardness which come over her husband in his solitude, and turn his heart to stone. Nothing breaks the unendurable agony of the wife, except a last moment of hope, as futile as all the other desires of her life. It may be guessed that *Blue Roses*, in spite of the many and singular merits by virtue of which it seems to excel almost all recent fiction, is yet a sad story to read—saddest perhaps to people who have already learned in experience its melancholy lesson. In spite of this fault, however, it is not a book to be passed over. The skill and care of the author win forgiveness for certain mannerisms, of which the constant use of French words, and of "aggravating" for "annoying," is the least pardonable.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

* *Blue Roses*; or, *Helen Malinofska's Marriage*. By the Author of "Véra," &c. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,143, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877:

- The War. Marshal MacMahon's Address.
The Indian Famine. The Socialist Congresses. Scotch Liberals.
Mr. Goldwin Smith on the British Empire. Social Science at Aberdeen.
The Avalanche and the Forest.
- The Campaign in Bulgaria.
Playing at Religion. Marathon.
The "New Communion." Alpine Accidents. The Earlom of Mar.
A Joint-Stock Pilgrimage Company (Limited). Regimental Colours.
The Theatres.
- Bousquet's Japan.
Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography.
Narjoux's Notes of an Architect. Won. Lenient's Satire in Medieval France.
Seemann's Mythology of Greece and Rome.
Poems of Places. Blue Roses.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,142, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877:

- The War—Pope Pius IX.—Marshal MacMahon and his Rivals—Indian Railways—America—Mr. Bright at Manchester—The Spanish Tariff—Floods in London.
- Interesting People—Social Uses of Railway Stations—Corinth to Eleusis—The Clubs in September—The Johnsons in Egypt—Scilly—The Deserving Poor—The Cotton-Trade Strikes—A First Night at the Maison de Molière.
- Queen Henrietta Maria—Revised English Bible—Stockport—The Rector of Oxbury—Calendar of State Papers: Domestic Series—Yriarte's Venice—Naradiya Dharmastra—The Breaking of the Storm—German Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT"
"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 35 by 25 feet, with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. Is.

CHRISTY COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM.—NOTICE
is hereby given that, in consequence of the contemplated REMOVAL of a portion of the CHRISTY COLLECTION from its temporary place of deposit, at 103 Victoria Street, Westminster, the Collection will be CLOSED until further notice.
British Museum, September 18, 1877. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.
Mile End.—The SESSION 1877-78 will Commence on Monday, October 1, when a Conversation will be held at Eight P.M. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £50 and £20, and Two Buxton Scholarships, value £20 and £10, will be offered for Competition at the end of September. Entries on or before September 25. Fee to Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Four House-Surgeons, One Accountantship; also Two Dresserships and Two Maternity Assistantships. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail or tram with all parts of the Metropolis.
R. KERSHAW, Secretary.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-SEVENTH SESSION will begin on Monday, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

PUBLIC READING and SPEAKING.—The Rev. ALEX. J. D. DORSEY, B.D., Lect. K.C.L., receives Members, Barristers, Clergymen, Candidates, and others at Lectures, in Classes, and Privately, at the College and at 13 Prince's Square, W.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS
(£50 to £30 a year) to be competed for October 9. Ages under Fifteen and a half and Fourteen and a half. Candidates examined at Rossall or Oxford, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics. Terms: with Nomination, Clergymen's Sons, 20 Guineas; Laymen's, 60 Guineas; without Nomination, 10 Guineas extra.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (LONDON) SCHOOL.

Head-Master—H. WESTON EVE, M.A.

Vice-Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A.

The School will Re-open, for New Pupils, on Tuesday, September 25, at 9.30 A.M. The School Session is divided into Three equal Terms. Fees, £8 8s. per Term, to be paid at the beginning of each Term.

Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment or impositions. A Playground of about two acres in extent, including several Fives Courts and a Gymnasium, is attached to the School.

The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways. Season Tickets are granted at half-price to Pupils attending the School.

Prospectuses containing full information may be obtained at the Office of the College.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

MR. C. H. LAKE'S SCHOOL, CATERHAM VALLEY,
RE-OPENS September 18. Reference kindly permitted to Col. E. G. Balwer, R. Heath, Esq., M.P., and Rear-Admiral Maxse, whose Sons are in the School.

THE VICAR of a Parish, healthily situated in South Shropshire, who has had much experience in Tuition, has VACANCIES for TWO PUPILS, between the ages of Nine and Fourteen years.—Address, VICAR, care of Mr. Partridge, Bookseller, Ludlow.

WARBERRY HOUSE, BISHOPSDOWN PARK, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and UNIVERSITYS, under the Rev. T. H. M. STEBBING, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, First and Second Class Classics, First Class in Law and Modern History. Fees from 120 to 200 Guineas.

ARMY and CIVIL SERVICE.—At the recent Examinations
Mr. NORTHCOTT passed the 1st, 29th, 38th, for Cooper's Hill; 1 for Woolwich; 3rd, 10th, 70th, for Sandhurst.—Rochester House, Ealing, W.

MR. A. W. HUME, M.A., late Senior Assistant-Master and School Secretary of Dulwich College, receives PUPILS for instruction in all branches of Liberal Education. Eight Guineas a Term. A few Boarders received. Further particulars on application.—Admission Tower, Dulwich Common, S.E. Term commencing September 18.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. (Scholar)
Oxon., assisted by a Cambridge Honorary man and a competent staff of Teachers, prepares for the Universities and for all Competitive Examinations. Pupils successful at the last Nine Examinations of the Line.

GERMANY.—The ELBERFELD PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOLS are the best in Germany. English Lads attending these Schools are received in the House of the Warden of the English Church. Reference kindly permitted to the British Chaplain, Düsseldorf.—Apply to CHURCHWARDENS, 13 Pfaffenhof Strasse, Elberfeld, Rhineland.

ITALY.—EDUCATION.—The Rev. H. HUNTINGTON, B.A., assisted by a resident French and German Tutor, prepares FOUR PUPILS for the Public Schools and Examinations. Boys who may not be strong enough for Public School life, or who need special attention, are thoroughly grounded in the Classics, while at the same time they acquire Three Modern Languages. Terms, £10 per Month.—Address, CHAFLAIS, Leghorn, or G. H., Tenby Rectory, South Wales.

KENSINGTON.—PREPARATORY MORNING CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN.—Miss MONTGOMERY receives a limited number of PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools.—For Prospectus apply to 98 Warwick Gardens, W.

A DEVONSHIRE CLERGYMAN, farming his own Estate, receives PUPILS into his house. Unusual advantages for delicate or backward Boys.—Rev. G. SMITH, M.A., Ottery St. Mary.

KENSINGTON.—EDUCATION.—DAILY CLASSES for YOUNG LADIES; Senior, Junior, and Elementary. Pupils prepared for Oxford and Cambridge Examinations. For Prospectus apply to Miss TERRELL, 45 Longridge Road, Earl's Court, W.

INSTRUCTION by CORRESPONDENCE.—LADIES who wish for help in Private Study can join a CLASS managed by a Committee of Ladies, and Taught by experienced Tutors. Subjects: Grammar and Analysis, Arithmetic, Algebra, English Literature and History, Latin, French, German, and Logic. Preparation for Edinburgh University Local Examinations if desired. Average Terms, 10s. 6d. per quarter. For particulars write to DELTA, Post Office, Leaswade, Edinburgh.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN LADY, educated at Dorpat, in Livonia (diplômée, wishes an engagement as GOVERNESS in a good family. Acquirements: German, French, and Music on the method of the Conservatorium of Stuttgart.—Address, Fräulein H. A., Rheinsberg Strasse 5 III, Stuttgart.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS.—GENTLEMEN who propose to be CANDIDATES for CADETSHIPS in the ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE will be permitted to present themselves for "Preliminary Examination" on October 17 and following day, provided they apply to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W., before September 28.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A LITERARY MAN or CLERGYMAN may find a most desirable HOME in a Gentleman's family, close to the British Museum.—By letter only, to S. H., care of Mr. G. Osborne, 18 Catherine Street, Strand.

CHISWICK.—FREEHOLD MANSION, Stabling for 7 horses, and 4 acres of Grounds, TO BE LET on Lease at £100, or would be SOLD.

EAST MOULSEY (near Hampton Court Palace).—FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, Stabling, and more than an acre of Grounds. Price £2,000, or would be LET on Lease.

HAREWOOD SQUARE.—TOWN HOUSE, containing Four Reception Rooms, Seven Bedrooms, Kitchens, &c. TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for six Months or longer, at 54 Guineas per Week.

Apply to W. G. PARSONS, 69 Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.
Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. For invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Baths on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

OVERLAND ROUTE and SUEZ CANAL.—
Under Contract for the conveyance of the Mails to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, via the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Venice every Friday, and from Brindisi, via the Overland Mail, every Monday.
Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and
Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Sultaneer Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.
F. O. RICKARDS, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, on the Sea Shore, in its own
Picturesque Grounds of 5 acres. 250 Rooms, and all modern comforts. Charges fixed and moderate. Table d'hôte daily.—Tariff on application to the MANAGER, Ilfracombe, Devon.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

NOTICE.—MANUFACTURE of SPOONS and FORKS.—
Messrs. ELKINGTON & CO. beg to announce that, having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

Address, ELKINGTON & CO.
LONDON.—22 Regent Street, W.; 42 Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL.—25 Church Street.
MANCHESTER.—21, Ann's Square; or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL Reported to the Admiralty
(August 13, 1870) on 40 Chronometers entered for annual competition, "M. F. DENT's is the finest we have ever had on trial."—M. F. DENT, Chronometer, Watch, and Clock Maker to the Queen, 33 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS.